

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXI. }

No. 1760. — March 9, 1878.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXVI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

THERE grew a poppy in a plot of corn,
And three men went thereby, before the heat
Had drawn from out the field beneath their
feet

The freshness of the dewdrops and the morn.
Then did the loveliness of that lone flower
Strike in upon the sense of all the three;
And one, a youth, spake in that thoughtful
hour,

And said, "Methinks this poppy well might be
Some rich dark southern beauty, sleepy-
sweet,

Girt with a bending ring of gracious men."

The second, one that was of riper years,
Made answer, "Nay, a blood-red banner, torn
By steel of strife, and blown with winds of
war,

And guarded round by ranks of shining
spears."

Then spake to them the third, whose head was
hoar,—

"Death comes to love and war; what aid they
then?

This flower has one speech only unto me,
That man is as the grass, and all his pride
Of war, and beauty of love shall suddenly
Fade like the flowers in the sad autumn-tide;
The wind sweeps over them, and they are
gone!"

And thereupon those three went silent on,
And the low sunlight lay uncrossed by shade,
Until a maiden came, who hummed a song
For very gladness, as she tripped along,
The freshness of the morning in her eyes;
Nor was she moved as they, in any wise,
To any thought of that which makes afraid,
But stopped and plucked the poppy from the
ground,

And set it on the whiteness of her dress,
And so passed on, with added loveliness.
No hidden inner meaning had she found,
Nor thought of strife or death to make her
sad,—

The sole sweet beauty was enough for her;
She took God's thought, the poppy, and was
glad,—

So was she Nature's best interpreter.

Spectator.

A. R. R.

GREEK MOTHER'S SONG.

I.

O WHERE is peace in all the lovely land?
Since the world was, I see the fair and
brave

Downward forever fighting toward the
grave.

A few white bones upon a lonely sand,
A rotting corpse beneath the meadow grass
That cannot hear the footsteps as they pass,
Memorial urns pressed by some foolish hand
Have been for all the goal of troublous
fears.

Ah! breaking hearts and faint eyes dim
with tears,

And momentary hopes by breezes fanned
To flame that fading ever falls again
And leaves but blacker night and deeper
pain,
Have been the mould of life in every land.

II.

O is there rest beneath the meadow flowers?
Or is there peace indeed beside the shore
Of shadowy Acheron? nor any more
The weary rolling of the sickening hours
Will mark the interchange of woe and woe;
Nor ever voices railing to and fro
Break the sweet silence of those darksome
bowers?

But there a sorrowful sweet harmony
Of timeless life in peaceful death shall be
In woodlands dim where never tempest lowers
Nor branding heat can pierce the sunless
shade.

O sweet forever in that dreamful glade,
If there indeed such deepest peace be ours!

Macmillan's Magazine.

AT THE LAST.

COME once, just once, dear love, when I am
dead—

Ah, God! I would it were this hour, to-
night—

And look your last upon the frozen face
That was to you a summer's brief delight.

The silent lips will not entreat you then,
Nor the eyes vex you with unwelcome tears;
The low, sad voice will utter no complaint,
Nor the heart tremble with its restless fears.

I shall be still—you will forgive me then
For all that I have been, or failed to be:
Say, as you look, "Poor heart, she loved me
well,

No other love will be so true to me."

Then bend and kiss the lips that will not
speak—

One little kiss for all the dear, dead days—
Say once, "God rest her soul!" then go in
peace,

No haunting ghost shall meet you in your
ways.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"KIND! ES WARE DEIN VERDERBEN."

CHILD! it would be your undoing;
And I struggle hard, you see,
That your dear kind heart may never
Feel the glow of love for me.

That too well I have succeeded,
Pains me in my own despite;
And I often think, "Oh, would you
Love me, come whatever might!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

HEINE.

From The Westminster Review.

CHARLES SUMNER.*

It is one of the accidents of political life, both in England and America, that men who in their day exercised great influence on the legislation and administration of their country never attained office, but nevertheless will stand out more prominently on the pages of history than many members of the official hierarchy even of the highest rank. The Earl of Liverpool was premier for fifteen years. Richard Cobden was never in office at all; yet who can doubt that when the history of the nineteenth century is read hereafter, the reformer of our commercial legislation, the first Parliamentary advocate of international arbitration, will fill a far more prominent position than he whom Lord Beaconsfield called "the Arch Mediocrity." In America, Daniel Webster four times sought a nomination for the presidency, and each time failed; yet the name of Daniel Webster fills, and we believe will continue to fill, a far higher position in American history than the names of his rivals, General Harrison, James K. Polk, General Taylor, and Franklin Pierce, who successively filled the presidential chair of the American Union. The distinguished man whose life is now before us is another and perhaps more striking instance of the same kind. Charles Sumner was not only never president, but never even a member of any cabinet. Webster was twice secretary of state, but the highest posts Sumner ever held were those of United States senator from Massachusetts, and, when in the Senate, chairman of its committee on foreign relations during Mr. Lincoln's presidency; but in the memories of his countrymen and in the history of his time the name of Sumner stands, and will continue to stand, far higher than that of Webster. "There are," said Mr. Disraeli in reference to the death of Mr. Cobden, "some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present in the body, are still members of this House, who are independent of dissolutions, of the caprice of constituencies,

and even of the course of time." We think the spirit of these words is applicable to Charles Sumner. He, next to William Lloyd Garrison, stands highest amongst that group of men and women,

On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed,

who were so vividly sketched by Harriet Martineau in the pages of this review,* who raised the slavery question out of the region of mere politics, and made it strike a far deeper-toned chord, arresting the religious feeling of the country, taking strong hold on the consciences of men, and who in the end rooted out the accursed thing from the land. The life of such a man cannot fail to be interesting. The book before us, however, gives only an account of Sumner's early career, and of his training for the public life in which he afterwards played so distinguished a part. The memoir closes with the year 1845, in which he delivered at Boston his memorable address on "The True Grandeur of Nations." "Had he died before this event," says his biographer, "his memory would have been only a tradition with the few early friends who survived him. The 4th of July 1845, a day ever memorable with him, gave him a national and more than national fame. Student though he was to the last, he now went forth from the seclusion of a scholar's chamber, well trained by self-discipline and strong in purpose and hope, to enter upon the work which God had appointed him to do" (Memoir, ii., p. 384). After this it is somewhat disappointing to find the memoir concludes with these words, "How well it was done, with what courage, perseverance, and power, is written in the fourteen volumes of his works, which begin with the effort of this day, and in the history of his country for the twenty-three years he stood in the Senate, as the tribune of human rights" (ii., p. 384). It is only, therefore, of his private life and his less memorable years that we have any account. We have found so much to instruct and interest us in these two volumes, that we can but cherish the hope that Mr. Pierce may be induced to give them their proper

* *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By EDWARD L. PIERCE. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

* *Westminster Review*, December 1838, Art. "The Martyr Age of the United States."

complement in a memoir of Sumner's public life and labors.

Charles Sumner was descended from one of the Puritan families who emigrated to America towards the middle of the seventeenth century. The Sumners first settled at Dorchester (Massachusetts), and various branches of the family remained at Dorchester and at Milton, in the same state, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They "were generally farmers, owning considerable estates in fee-simple, and blessed beyond the usual measure with large families of children." Charles Sumner's grandfather, Job Sumner, served with distinction in the War of Independence, and obtained the rank of major in the United States army. "He was," says our author, "a man of genuine courage, adventurous spirit, and capacity for affairs, generous with his money, and faithful in all trusts. He took life merrily, and rejected the severity of the Puritan standards" (i., p. 10). His son, Charles Pinckney Sumner, the father of Charles Sumner, entered Harvard College in 1792, and graduated in 1796. After trying the work of a schoolmaster, he settled down to the practice of the law, and was admitted an attorney of the Court of Common Pleas at Boston in July 1801. In his early years he took an active part in politics, and was a frequent writer and speaker. His first political speech was made so far back as 1804; it was a plea for the integrity of the Union, for "a common love of all its sections, for faith in popular government, and for confidence in the national administration, and in Mr. Jefferson, its head." He was clerk of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts for the years 1806-7 and 1810-11. In this last period he was officially associated with his early friend Joseph Story, then speaker of the House; which office he resigned to become judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. While holding this last office he composed his "Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence" and his other legal works, which are of the highest authority both in England and America. Mr. Sumner was married in 1810 to Relief Jacob of Haver. Of this marriage there were issue nine children, of whom the eldest, Charles,

the subject of this memoir, and his twin sister, Matilda, were born in Boston, January 6, 1811. The family seem to have been in straitened circumstances until 1825, when Mr. Sumner was appointed sheriff of Suffolk County, which office he continued to hold until shortly before his death, which took place in 1839. He seems to have been a man of just and conscientious but rigid and cheerless nature, who imposed an iron rule at home which bore heavily on his elder sons. Charles when grown up ventured to intercede on behalf of the younger children for a milder rule. His intervention, though not altogether ineffectual, was resented, and from that time no communication passed between the father and the son. The father was a well-read lawyer, and a scholarly man for his time. "He took pains to lead his son Charles and his other children to the studies which he had himself pursued, teaching them, as their minds developed, to love history and all knowledge. Other homes enjoyed more of luxury, but his was enriched at least with the atmosphere of culture" (i., p. 28). Like most of the more educated men in Boston at that day, the elder Sumner attended an Unitarian Church, but "his religious belief was quite indefinite, and he was indulgent to all shades of doctrine." After his appointment as sheriff, he thought himself bound to abstain from all political action; but he was always an anti-slavery man. His papers contain abundant evidence of his strong sympathy with the anti-slavery movement; and he was accused of allowing this sympathy to interfere with the execution of his duties as sheriff. It was said that, in a case of reclamation of slaves under the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, he permitted or connived at their escape. Accused of having expressed his sympathy with the fugitives to their counsel, he replied, "Whether I addressed Mr. Sewall as it is said, I cannot tell; but I should be ashamed of myself if I did not wish that every person claimed as a slave might be proved to be a freeman, which is the purport of the words attributed to me" (i., p. 25). His forecast discerned the conflict in which his son was to bear so great a part. So far back as 1820, speaking to

a neighbor on slavery, he said, "Our children's heads will some day be broken on a cannon-ball on this question." He was a promoter of the common-school movement, of temperance, and restrictive legislation on the liquor traffic. His wife, whose Puritan descent was indicated by her quaint Christian name, "Relief," is described as "equal, even imperturbable, in her temperament—a woman of excellent sense, and of unusual skill in domestic economies" (i., p. 30). The father did not live to see his son's public career; the mother lived through all its most striking portion, and survived the subjugation of the rebel states.

Such were the home influences to which the childhood and youth of Charles Sumner were subject, of which we shall see abundant manifestations in his character and after life.

After his first visit to Europe, and he had become intimate with men who had received the intellectual training, and in many cases won the honors of Oxford and Cambridge, and who had afterwards received the further training of Parliament and the bar, he was accustomed to speak of his education as "defective."

"I hope," he wrote from Italy in 1839, "that Horace," his younger brother, "when grown up, will not smart as I do under the mortification of a defective education" (ii., p. 98).

It was during this, his first visit to Europe, and while he suffered from the imperfect way in which modern languages were taught in America, that he wrote from Venice to his and his father's friends, Judge Story and the Sumners. "Let a boy," he wrote, "acquire one thing well, and he gets a standard of excellence to which he will endeavor to bring up his other knowledge; and, moreover, he will be aware of his deficiencies by observing the difference between what he knows well and what he knows indifferently. Let the requisites for admission be doubled, and subject all candidates for degrees to a most rigid examination. We must make a beginning, and where can it be done better than at Harvard?" We are glad to learn from the editor's note on this letter that in American colleges, and especially

in Harvard, great changes have been made since 1839 in the direction to which Sumner then pointed.* So strongly did Sumner feel the importance of education, that on his father's death he devoted whatever present or future interest he had in his father's property to the purpose of giving his sisters the best education America could afford (ii., p. 103): If Sumner's education was not equal to that which he would have received had he been sent first to an English public school and afterwards to an university, yet it was as good an education as any young American of his day and generation could receive in his own country. His father originally intended to give him a common English education only, but the boy showed a sort of instinct for classical knowledge, and of his own free will bought with a few pence he had saved a Latin Grammar and a "*Liber Primus*." "He studied them privately out of school, and one morning surprised his father by appearing with the books and showing his ability to recite from them. His father, impressed perhaps by this incident, decided to put him in the classical course provided by the public schools" (i., p. 36). At the close of August 1821, Sumner was therefore entered in the Boston Latin School. At school he gave no promise of a remarkable career. "He was not," writes a schoolfellow, "always attentive to his studies at school, that is, to the specially appointed lessons in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. But we boys felt the superiority of his mind and education, though we could get above him at times in school rank. I used to look at him with wonder as I heard him talk on subjects I knew nothing of. He had a full sense of his own knowledge, yet he never intruded it upon his fellows or showed any self-conceit."

He was always thoughtful, studious, and fond of reading; little given to sports, but fond of swimming; rarely seen playing with his mates; but, while thoughtful and somewhat reserved, he was in no respect severe or unsympathetic, and was liked by his school-fellows. His private pursuit was the study of history, reading it not in

* Ibid., *ut supra*, and note.

an easy, careless way, but with earnest attention, with maps spread out before him. When fourteen years old he wrote a compendium of English history from Cæsar's conquest to 1801. The school-fellow whom we have before quoted gives us an illustration of the thoroughness of Sumner's self-education, and of his combined study of history and geography:—

He fell into a dispute one day in the middle of the class exercises with an ill-natured teacher, who undertook to put him down for ignorance on some point of geography—a branch not studied in the school, or made the subject of examination or admission. Sumner, then about eleven years of age, replied with spirit that he could answer any question which the teacher might put to him. The teacher bethought himself a moment, and going to his table, and looking up what he esteemed a difficulty, asked him where Cumana was. The boy replied instantly with a full and correct answer, and no further question was asked (i., pp. 39, 40).

If Sumner's school career was not distinguished, it was sufficiently meritorious to gain several prizes; and at the close of his five years' course (August 23, 1826) he was one of six scholars who each received at the hands of John Quincy Adams, then president of the United States, the decoration of the Franklin medal. It now became necessary to choose for him some trade or profession. Owing to his limited means, the father designed him for some occupation in which he could earn his livelihood sooner than in one of the learned professions. The inclination of the future author of "The True Grandeur of Nations" was for a military life. It was thought hopeless to apply for his admission into the National Military Academy at West Point. His father therefore wrote to Captain Partridge, the head of what was called "the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy," at Middletown, Connecticut, who had advertised that he wished to "employ" some lads in the institution. In this letter Mr. Sumner wrote:—

My means enable me only to think of usefulness. I wish him to learn all of agriculture, arithmetic, and bookkeeping he conveniently can by a year's attendance, service, and study at your institution; also something, and as much as you think proper, in the elements of soldiery; but, sir, if I send him at all, it must be on a footing of those who seek *employment*, according to that notice of yours which I have recently read, and I wish to know, before you see him, on what terms he would probably be received, and to what employment he would probably be put that would

be serviceable to you and not disagreeable to his feelings—feelings that do not incline him to become improperly a burden on you or on me, or to ordinary menial services, that would injure him in the estimation of those lads who are now his associates, among whom he is destined to earn his living, and, I hope, to sustain a respectable rank.

The change in his father's circumstances, consequent on his appointment to the shrievalty of Suffolk County, relieved Sumner from the necessity of seeking such employment. An application was now made to the secretary of war for a West Point cadetship, but Bellona was not to have him for one of her worshippers: it was unsuccessful, and he began his studies as a freshman at Harvard College, September 1, 1826. Of his college career we find the following estimates given by fellow-students:—

Though reasonably attentive [writes one] to his college studies, and rarely absent from the recitations, I do not think that, as an undergraduate, he was distinguished for close application to his college studies. Having been much better fitted for college, especially in Latin and Greek, than the majority of his class, he continued to maintain a very high rank in both the ancient and modern languages through his whole collegiate course.

He stood also very well in elocution, English composition, and the rest of his theoretical pursuits. In the last year of his college course he failed in all the more abstruse and difficult mathematics.

His memory was uncommonly retentive, and it was sometimes said of him that he committed to memory, so as to be able to repeat by rote, some of the more difficult problems in mathematics, with but little apprehension of their import. Morally, so far as I have ever heard, his character while a member of college was without reproach (i., p. 5).

Another writes:—

Sumner had been accustomed to literary society from his youth, and was brought up among books, so that study was with him a kind of second nature. He never studied, as many young men do, for college honors, but for love of study, and for cultivating his mind—well disciplined and refined at that early age. He was by no means what, in our college days, was denominated a *dig*—one who has to study from morning till night and bring nothing to pass. In his declamations I always noticed a great degree of earnestness, with an entire freedom from any effort to make a dash. It was the same type of subdued eloquence inseparable from the man which he has often put forth on real and important actions in his public life. . . . He was a person of remarkable readiness and self-possession. He was always careful to lead an exemplary and blame-

less life, full of kindly feelings, and ready to say a pleasant word to all, and punctilious in all the proprieties which refined society is accustomed to observe (i., pp. 58, 59).

This last-mentioned characteristic led to his great social success, when in after-years he visited England.

Though his college career, like his school course, was not brilliant, yet, as in the one case, so in the other, it was not without distinction. In his senior year he competed for the Bowdoin prize, the subject given being, "The Present Character of the Inhabitants of New England, as resulting from the Civil, Literary, and Religious Institutions of the First Settlers." He sent in his dissertation signed "A Son of New England," and received the second prize of thirty dollars; these he laid out in the purchase of books, among which were Byron's poems, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Hazlitt's "Select British Poets," and Harvey's "Shakespeare." "The last two" (says his biographer, i., p. 51) "were kept during life on his desk or table ready for use, and the Shakespeare was found open on the day of his death as he had left it, with his mark between the leaves. At the third part of "Henry VI." his pencil had noted the passage:—

Would I were dead! if God's good-will were
so;

For what is in this world but grief and woe?

Those who are acquainted with Sumner's writings and speeches will not be surprised to learn that—

The tradition is that Sumner's dissertation suffered in the comparison (with the other essays we presume) from its great length. Its style, while well formed, lacks the felicity of expression and fastidiousness in the choice of language which mark his compositions in mature life. In method it is manly and serious, never trivial, but wanting in condensation. [We may remark in passing, that the power of condensing was lacking in Sumner to the last day of his life.] He was, as a living classmate remarks, too "full of matter." His citations and extracts show that he left nothing unread which could illustrate the subject, and that his reading in English literature was beyond that of most undergraduates. On the whole, the dissertation, while creditable to his industry and thoughtfulness, does not foreshadow a distinguished career as a writer. Although doing justice to the Puritans in many respects, he dwells with some impatience on their narrowness and religious eccentricities (i., p. 56).

Macaulay's essay on Milton had appeared, of course anonymously, in the

Edinburgh Review of August, 1825, and bearing in mind the antipathy which, as we shall see, Sumner afterwards felt towards Macaulay, it is curious to note that Sumner, in his dissertation, slightly refers to Macaulay's essay as "the apotheosis of the Puritans in the pages of one of the British journals" (ibid., note 1). Later in life, when bearing the labor and heat of the anti-slavery conflict, and "dealing with the great issues of right and duty," his views of the Puritan fathers of his State became modified, and his speech at the Plymouth festival in 1853, "The Finger-point from Plymouth Rock," as it is called in his collected works, is a graceful and eloquent tribute to their stern and rugged virtues (ibid., note).

At this time the people of Boston were generally primitive in their mode of living, and the town was more like a large village than a city. In accordance with the simple habits of his neighbors, Sumner, during a vacation tour, travelled on foot. In 1829 he, with four classmates, travelled, "with knapsacks on their backs and umbrellas in their hands," to Lake Champlain. More than thirty years afterwards, at a dinner at Northampton of the Hampshire County Agricultural Society, he thus described this tour. The extract is a good specimen of his later style of speaking:—

I cannot forget the first time that I looked upon this beautiful valley, where river, meadow, and hill contribute to the charm. With several of my classmates I made a pedestrian excursion through Massachusetts. Starting from Cambridge, we passed by way of Sterling and Barre to Amherst, where, arriving weary and footsore, we refreshed ourselves at the evening prayer in the college chapel. From Amherst we walked to Northampton, and then, ascending Mount Holyoke, saw the valley of Connecticut spread out before us, with river of silver winding through meadows of gold. It was a scene of enchantment, and time has not weakened the impression it made. From Northampton we walked to Deir Field, sleeping near Bloody Brook, and then to Greenfield, where we turned off by Coleraine, through dark woods and over hills to Bennington in Vermont. The whole excursion was deeply interesting, but no part more so than your valley. Since then I have been a traveller at home and abroad, but I know no similar scene of greater beauty. I have seen the meadows of Lombardy, and those historic rivers the Rhine and the Arno, and that stream of Charente which Henry IV. called the most beautiful of France; also those Scottish rivers so famous in legend and song, and the exquisite fields and sparkling waters of lower Austria, but my youthful joy in the landscape

which I witnessed from the neighboring hill-top has never been surpassed in any kindred scene. Other places are richer in the associations of history, but you have enough already in what nature has done without waiting for any further illustration (i., p. 70).

The history of Sumner's college career is thus summed up by Mr. Pierce:—

If, when entering college, he aspired, as there is reason to believe, to high rank in his class, he soon gave up any ambition of this kind. He studied well such text-books as he liked, neglecting the rest. If he did not outrank others in the appointed studies, he had no rival in his devotion to miscellaneous literature. He delighted in Scott's novels, but most of all in Shakespeare, from whom he was perpetually quoting in conversation and letters. No student of his class when he left college had read as widely. His memory, both of thought and language, was remarkable, and he imitated with ease an author's style. Most of Sumner's classmates do not appear to have anticipated for him more than ordinary success in life, but those who knew him best were impressed with his love of books, and with something in his tone and manner which gave assurance that he would make his mark in the world. This feeling grew stronger near the end of his college course, and particularly after the announcement of his successful competition for a Bowdoin prize (i., p. 40).

Sumner passed the year following his leaving college at home, studying many hours daily and keeping aloof from society. Mathematics, to which, as already stated, he gave very little attention in college, he now felt to be a necessary part of a complete education, and he therefore determined to overcome his deficiencies, but he does not seem to have kept up the study more than five months. He was undecided as to what profession he should follow. A very short experience of what he termed "the harassing, throat-cutting, mind-dissolving duties, pounding knowledge into heads which have no appetency for it, and enduring the arguing of urchin boys, and all those other ills to which schoolmaster flesh is heir," convinced him that that was not his vocation. He became warmly interested in "the great and good cause of anti-masonry," on which subject the American mind was at that time much agitated.

He continued the practice of literary composition, and gained a prize from the "Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" for an essay on commerce. The prize took the form of Lieber's "Encyclopædia Americana," valued at thirty dollars. It was presented to

Sumner by Daniel Webster, the president of the society, and then United States senator for Massachusetts. In announcing Sumner to a meeting of the society as the winner of the prize, Webster remarked that "the public held a pledge of him," and added other kindly expressions. Neither of them thought at that time that the pledge would be afterwards redeemed by Sumner succeeding Webster in the Senate, and acquiring a purer and more enduring fame than his. At length Sumner decided on the law as his profession. The spirit in which he entered on his legal studies appears in a letter from which we make this extract:—

Your method and application are to me an assurance that the studies of the law office will be fruitful; but excuse the impertinence of a friend. I fear that Blackstone and his train will usurp your mind too much, to the exclusion of all cultivation of polite letters. The more I think of this last point, the more important it seems to me in the education of a lawyer. "Study law hard," said Pinckney, "but study polite letters as hard." So also says Story. The fact is, I look upon a mere lawyer, a reader of cases and cases alone, as one of the veriest wretches in the world. Dry items and facts, argumentative reports and details of pleading, must incrust the mind with somewhat of their own rust. A lawyer must be a man of polish, with an *omnium gathrum* of knowledge. There is no branch of study or thought but what he can summon to his aid, if his resources allow it. What is the retailer of law facts by the side of the man who invests his legal acquisitions in the fair garments of an elegantly informed mind? Every argument of the latter is heightened by the threads of illustration and allusion which he weaves with it. Besides, it is more profitable as to legal knowledge for a student to devote but a portion of his time to the law. A continued application to it would jade the mind, so that it would falter under the burden imposed by its own ardor. There must be a relaxation for a scholar, which will be found in a change of studies (i., p. 87).

Such was his advice to his friend, and such was the manner in which he himself studied the law, but he felt that the minutest business details of the profession must also be mastered.

My own reflections [he wrote to the same friend] and the advice of others, tell me that it is better to study with one whose business is other than that of a counsellor. The drudgery, writ-making, etc., of an office is what a young student ought to undergo. Give me my first year and a half in the entirely theoretical studies of a law school, and my remainder in a thronged business office, where I can see the law in those shapes in which a

young lawyer can alone see and practise it. It is years which make the counsellor (i., p. 87).

With these views and feelings Sumner joined the Law School at Harvard University, 1st September 1831. The professors were at that time Mr. Justice Story and John H. Ashmun. Story's learning, copious speech, enthusiasm for the profession, and kindly interest in the students under his care, are well known. Ashmun, who died during Sumner's course, is stated to have been remarkable for his acumen and logical method. He "insisted always on definiteness of thought and exactness of expression, and was in the habit of testing the knowledge of his favorite pupils by close scrutiny and criticism" (i., p. 90). This was exactly the discipline which Sumner, with his disposition to too diffusive study, required. We have mentioned the official connection and the personal friendship which existed between Mr. Justice Story and the elder Sumner. A still more intimate friendship sprung up between the judge and Charles Sumner. "I have in some sort," wrote the judge to him, "as the Scotch would say, an heritable right to your friendship." "The judge admired Sumner's zeal in study, enjoyed his society, and regarded him like a son. Sumner conceived a profound respect for the judge's character and learning, and was fascinated by his personal qualities. This friendship entered very largely into Sumner's life, and for many years gave direction to his thoughts and ambition" (i., p. 91).

On the death of Ashmun, Simon Greenleaf succeeded to the vacant professorship. His treatise on the "Law of Evidence" is as well known and as highly estimated in England as in America. Professor Greenleaf's interest in Sumner was hardly second to Story's, and his friendship for him continued long after his connection with the Law School had ceased. The elder Sumner gave a much-needed caution to his son. "Charles, while you study law, be not too discursive. Study your prescribed course well. That is enough to make you a lawyer. You may bewilder your mind by taking too wide a range" (i., p. 98). Some of his surviving fellow-students recall that he was not thought to have "a legal mind." On the other hand, Lord Brougham, a few years after this time, said "that he had never met with any man of Sumner's age of such extensive legal knowledge and natural legal intellect," and predicted "that he would

prove an honor to the American bar" (ii., p. 83, notes).

The remark has been made, and we think with justice, that his writings, both in his early and his later years, show that he preferred to write upon the literature of the law rather than upon the law itself. "He is," wrote one of his friends to another, "to the law what he used to be to history, a repertory of facts to which we might all resort" (i., p. 99). His memory was not less extraordinary than his industry. Story said of him, "He has a wonderful memory; he keeps all his knowledge in order, and can put his hand on it in a moment." During his course in the Law School he acted as librarian, and successfully competed for a Bowdoin prize offered to resident graduates for the best dissertation on the theme, "Are the most Important Changes in Society Effected Gradually, or by Violent Revolutions?" The spirit in which he dealt with his subject may be inferred from the motto prefixed to his essay, taken from the "Agricola" of Tacitus, "*Per intervalla ac spiramenta temporum*" (i., p. 95). "The dissertation," says Mr. Pierce, "bears the marks of haste in composition and is marred by digressions. . . . While not falling below the similar efforts of clever young men, it is not prophetic of future distinction" (i., pp. 105-107).

He studied so severely and continuously that his friends feared that his health would fail.

He now began a career as an author. While still at the Law School he contributed two articles on legal subjects to the *North American Review*, and he also sent to the *American Jurist* the first of a long series of contributions. The *Jurist* was a law periodical of high rank, and numbered among its contributors many men of eminence at the American bar. The subject of Sumner's first contribution was a review of a lecture at King's College, London, by Professor J. J. Park, on "Courts of Equity." It defined at some length, and with happy illustrations, the distinction between law and equity, and is described by Story, in his "Equity Jurisprudence," as a "forcible exposition of the prevalent errors on the subject," and "as full of useful comment and research."

Mr. W. W. Story, the judge's son, supplies an interesting sketch of Sumner at this time, from which we make the following extract:—

He had little imagination or fancy, and better loved strong, manly sentiments and

thoughts within the range of the understanding, and solid facts and statements of principles. . . . He was without all those tastes which are almost universal with men of his age. As for dancing, I think he never danced a step in his life. Of all men I ever knew at his age, he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. . . . It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. . . . Though he was an interesting talker, he had no lightness of hand. He was kindly of nature, interested in everything, but totally put off his balance by the least *persiflage*, and if it was tried on him, his expression was one of complete astonishment. He was never ready at a retort, tacked slowly like a frigate when assaulted by stinging feluccas, and was at this time almost impervious to a joke. He had no humor himself, and little sense of it in others; and his jests, when he tried to make one, were rather cumbersome. But in plain sailing no one could be better or more agreeable. He was steady and studious, and though genial, serious in his character. . . . I do not think in his earlier years he had any great ambition. *That* developed itself afterwards. Circumstances and accidents forced him forward to the van, and he became a leader terribly in earnest. He had the same high-mindedness, the same single aim at justice and truth, the same inflexible faith and courage then, that ever after characterized him.

We may add to this sketch, that neither while at college or at the Law School did Sumner show any signs of that power of public speaking which he displayed in his later years. On the contrary, in his appearances at the moot courts and the debating society connected with the Law School, he showed a want of such power. He was not fluent in speech, and felt a difficulty in selecting fit words to express his thoughts. A friend whom he consulted on this subject advised "a simpler style, with less effort and consciousness, and the rejection of large words, *sesquipedalia verba* (to which you know you are addicted), and uncommon, brilliant, and Gibbonian phrases. . . . You do not stumble, you utter rapidly enough. To be sure, you have not the *torrens dicendi*, and that is a very fortunate thing" (i., p. 94).

From his letters of this period we make this extract, on account of its prediction of the civil war, not, however, to be fulfilled until nearly thirty years had elapsed. The proclamation referred to is President Andrew Jackson's of December 1832, upon the occasion of the ordinance passed by South Carolina nullifying, so far as that State was concerned, an act of Congress.

We are truly in a sad state. Civil war, in a

portentous cloud hangs over us. South Carolina, though the sorest part of our system, is not the only part that is galled. Georgia cannot stomach the high Federal doctrines which the president has set forth in his proclamation, and upon which the stability of the country rests. That is a glorious document, worthy of any president. Our part of the country rejoices in it as a true exposition of the Constitution, and a fervid address to those wayward men who are now plunging us into disgrace abroad and misery at home (i., p. 117).

The Rev. Dr. Osgood, a well-known minister of the Unitarian Church at New York, who saw a good deal of Sumner while a law student, writes of him, "He had great strength of conviction on ethical subjects, and decided religious principle; and yet he was little theological, much less ecclesiastical" (i., p. 117). Sumner's religious opinions at this time — which, so far as we know from these volumes or otherwise, he never changed — are expressed in a letter to a friend, then a student at Andover Theological Seminary, who had written pressing the Christian faith on Sumner's attention.

I attended Bishop Hopkins's lectures, and gave to them a severe attention. I remained, and still remain, unconvinced that Christ was divinely commissioned to preach a revelation to man, and that he was intrusted with the power of working miracles. But when I make this declaration, I do not mean to deny that such a being as Christ lived and went about doing good, or that the body of precepts which have come down to us as delivered by him were so delivered. I believe that Christ lived when and as the Gospel says; that he was more than man — namely, above all men who had as yet lived, and yet less than God; full of the strongest sense and knowledge, and of a virtue superior to any which we call Roman, or Grecian, or Stoic, and which we best denote when, borrowing his name, we call it *Christian*. I pray you not to believe that I am insensible to the goodness and greatness of his character. My idea of human nature is exalted when I think that such a being lived and went as a man amongst men. And here, perhaps, the conscientious unbeliever may find good cause for glorifying his God, not because he sent his son into the world to partake of its troubles and be the herald of glad tidings, but because he suffered a man to be born, in whom the world should see but one of themselves, endowed with qualities calculated to elevate the standard of attainable excellence. . . . I do not think that I have any basis for faith to build upon. I am without religious feeling. I seldom refer my happiness or acquisitions to the Great Father from whose mercy they are derived. Of the first great commandment, then, upon which so much hangs, I live in perpetual unconsciousness — I will not say disregard, for that perhaps

would imply that it was present to my mind. I believe, though, that my love to my neighbor — namely, my anxiety that my fellow-creatures should be happy — and disposition to serve them in their honest endeavors, is pure and strong. Certainly I do feel an affection for everything that God has created, *and this feeling is my religion.* "He prayeth well who loveth well both man and bird and beast," [he adds]. I ask you not to imagine that I am led into the above sentiment by the lines I have just quoted, the best of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," but rather that I seize the lines to express and illustrate my feeling (i., p. 118, conf. ii., pp. 261-267).

This frank confession of unbelief would certainly have excluded its maker from any of the Churches of the Old World or the New; but if, instead of the creeds and standards of the Churches, we take the saying attributed to the author of Christianity, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another" (John xiii. 45), or the test of character by which he proposed to test mankind at the final judgment (Matt. xxv. 31-46), there can be no doubt that Jesus himself would have owned Charles Sumner as one of his disciples in preference to many a rigidly orthodox follower of Luther or of Calvin.

It would appear from a letter to his brother George, written on the death of their sister Mary, that Sumner was a believer in human immortality (ii., p. 321).

In January 1834, Sumner entered as a student the office of Mr. Rand of Boston, a lawyer of great practice and extensive learning, and possessed of a remarkably well-stored library. The drudgery of an office was little to Sumner's taste, and his time was mostly devoted to the composition of articles for the *American Jurist*. In the May following he became one of its editors, and contributed more than one hundred pages to the July number. On one of his articles a friend made this critical remark, which was probably applicable to them all, "Your article on replevin was learned, and well and logically expressed. It was an extraordinary article for a young man, but it is not practical. You seem to delight in the speculative in the choice of your articles." His office and literary work was varied by visits to Washington and Philadelphia. At Washington, the friendship of Story secured him unusual civilities from the judges of the Supreme Court, and he made the acquaintance of many eminent members of the bar, as well as of other persons. One of these was Dr. Francis Lieber, a German settled in America, with whom Sumner during the

part of his life related in these volumes kept up a constant correspondence. One of his Washington acquaintance "went so far at the time as to predict for him the highest judicial station, unless he should be diverted by literary tastes."

A lady thus describes his appearance and rather eccentric manners at this time:—

When he came to Philadelphia in 1834, he had finished his course at the Law School, I think; but had almost put out his eyes with hard study, and was forced to come away for rest. He was then a great, tall, lank creature, quite heedless of the form and fashion of his garb, unsophisticated, everybody said, and oblivious of the propriety of wearing a hat in a city, going about in a rather shabby fur cap, but the fastidiousness of fashionable ladies was utterly routed by the wonderful charm of his conversation, and he was carried about triumphantly and introduced to all the distinguished people, young and old, who then made Philadelphia society so brilliant. No amount of honeying, however, could then affect him. His simplicity, his perfect naturalness was what struck every one, combined with his rare culture and his delicious youthful enthusiasm (i., p. 127).

Sumner was not impressed by the national capital. His description of Washington is from all accounts as true now as it was when written forty-three years ago. He writes to his parents:—

Here I am in the great city, or rather the city of great design, of spacious and far-reaching streets, without houses to adorn them or business to keep them lively, with a Capitol that would look proud amidst any European palaces, and with whole lines of houses which resemble much the erections at Cambridgeport and Lechmere Point—poor stunted houses, with stores beneath and boarding above.

There is nothing natural in the growth of the city. It only grows under the hotbed culture of Congress. There is no confluence of trade from different parts of the country, and no natural, commercial, or manufacturing advantage to induce persons to live here. So, for ought I see, it must forever remain as it is now—a place of winter resort, as the Springs are of summer resort, and be supported entirely by travellers and sojourners.

While travelling to Washington, he for the first time saw a sight which produced on him an ineffaceable impression. This impression moulded his after-career.

"For the first time I saw slaves, and my worst preconception of their appearance and ignorance did not fall as low as their actual stupidity. They appear to be nothing more than moving masses of flesh, unendowed with anything of intelligence

above the brutes. I have now an idea of the blight upon that part of our country in which they live" (i., pp. 133, 134).

How strong the Puritan traditions and influences still were in Boston in Sumner's youth appears from the contrast he draws between a Boston and a Washington Sunday, on which day he dined *en famille* with the judges of the Supreme Court.

"Sunday here is a much gayer day than with us; no conversation is forbidden, and nothing which goes to cause cheerfulness, if not hilarity. The world and all its things are talked of as much as on any other day" (i., p. 137).

With no forecast of the part he was to fill in the legislature, he writes to his friend Professor Greenleaf:—

I probably shall never come to Washington again, and therefore I shall do myself best service by making the most of this visit. I wish to become acquainted with the manner and appearance of those gentlemen whose speeches I am to read for some years, and with whose fame the country rings from side to side.

Notwithstanding the attraction afforded by the Senate, and the newspaper fame which I see the politicians there acquire, I feel no envy therefore, and no disposition to enter the unweeded garden in which they are laboring, even if its gates were wide open to me; in plain language, I see no political condition that I should be willing to desire, even if I thought it within my reach—which, indeed, I do not think of the humblest (i., p. 141).

On Sumner's return from Washington, Story offered him an appointment as instructor at the Harvard Law School—in fact, Story and Greenleaf seemed to have had a strong determination to have Sumner not only as their colleague, but as one of their successors at that Law School (i., p. 150).

Sumner, however, declined the proffered appointment, and at the beginning of September 1834, being then aged twenty-three, he was, after a recommendation by the bar of Worcester County, admitted an attorney of the Massachusetts State Court of Common Pleas.* On this occasion, with prophetic insight, the same friend whose criticisms on Sumner's speeches and writings we have already quoted wrote of him:—

Let me speak plainly what I discern and feel. You are not rough-shod enough to

* It will be remembered that in America there is not the distinction which exists in England between "the bar," and "solicitors," or the more ancient and honorable but now abolished order of attorneys, of whom the writer may say, "*Quorum pars minima fui.*"

travel in the stony and broken road of homely, harsh, everyday practice. You were neither made for it by the hand of nature, nor have you wrought and fashioned yourself to it by that less cunning but still most potent artificer, practice. All your inclinations (I but see through a glass darkly) and all your habits set you on with a strong tendency towards a green eminence of fame and emolument in your profession; but you are not destined to reach it by travelling through the ordinary business of a young lawyer in the courts (i., p. 128.)

For the next three years Sumner followed his profession at Boston, and in June 1835 he was appointed by Story a commissioner of the United States Circuit Court, and reporter of "Story's Opinions" in that court. In the winters of 1835, 1836, and 1837, he gave instruction at the Law School in Story's absence.

"In the last of these periods he had the chief responsibility of the school in the absence of both Story and Greenleaf. As a teacher he did not make a strong impression of any kind on the students, but he appears to have realized a fair measure of success for so young a lawyer." During these years he also continued in the editorship of the *American Jurist*, to which also he was a constant contributor, and in other literary labors, mostly of a legal kind, he was abundant. "My labors in the *Jurist*," he wrote, "are pressing and heavy, and lack the exciting stimulus of pecuniary profit. Indeed, I fear that exertions like mine will meet with very slight return in the way of this world's gear" (i., p. 167). But in Sumner's case, as in Macaulay's, "the pleasure of writing paid itself,"* and he loved law and knowledge for their own sakes. He wrote to a young lawyer whom he had recommended for editor of some law cases:—

Don't regard the money as the pay. It's the knowledge you will get—the stimulus under which your mind will act, when you feel that you are reading law for a purpose and an end other than the bare getting of information, every spur and ambition exciting you. Depend upon it, no engraver will trace the law on your mind in such deep characters (i., pp. 167-169).

Sumner [at this period, writes Pierce] succeeded as well as the average of young lawyers, but he did not step into a lucrative practice, nor obtain the business which, with his laborious studies and many friends, he had expected. He was too much absorbed in amateur studies to become a shrewd and ready practitioner, and his mind, while so employed, was less inclined to the petty details of an office. His engagement at the Law School

* *Vide Letters to Napier, Life*, vol. i., pp. 452-464.

for the first three months of the year—the busiest season for a lawyer—seriously invaded the regularity of office hours, keeping him at Cambridge every alternate day at some seasons. Clients are quick to detect such departures from the professional routine, and prefer some painstaking attorney who is always to be found at his desk. But while with continuous devotion to the profession he would doubtless have attained a very respectable rank at the bar, it may be questioned whether he had the qualities which draw to a lawyer “litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.” According to tradition, he weighted his arguments with learning where only a skilful handling of testimony would have been most effective; and was not gifted with the quickness of perception which is as essential in the court-room as in the field. His tastes and qualities of mind fitted him rather for a position as judge or teacher, where his chief duty would be the exposition of the principles of the law. But he expressed no discontent with his profession, and certainly had no thought of leaving it. His enthusiasm in the study of jurisprudence as a science was unabated (i., p. 149).

He still gave no promise of distinction as an orator, while amongst his acquaintance several men, no older than himself, had already won public favor on the platform. At this time, too, he was persuaded for the first and only time to venture some money in a speculation. He lost all he invested, but he comforted himself under his disappointment with the reflection, that, “if he had lost money, he had gained experience.” “I have learned,” he wrote to a friend, “a valuable lesson; money and business dissolve all the ties and bonds of friendship.”

During these years also he continued to increase his acquaintance. Through Story he became acquainted with the judge's classmate, Dr. Channing, whose book on slavery was published in 1835. The influence which this great and benevolent man had on Sumner's after-life is hardly to be overrated. “He was my friend,” Sumner wrote on occasion of Channing's death, “and I may almost say my idol for nearly ten years. For this period I have enjoyed his confidence in no common way.” One of Sumner's published orations, “The Philanthropist” (“Works,” i., 284–298), is a tribute to the memory of his revered friend. At this time Sumner was not in general society nor a visitor at many houses. His most intimate associates were a group of young men of his own age who called themselves “the Five of Clubs.” All, says Mr. Pierce, achieved an honorable place in literature, but of them, besides Sumner, so far as we know, only H. W.

Longfellow has gained any fame on this side of the Atlantic.

The “Five” came together almost weekly, generally on Saturday afternoon. They met simply as friends, with common tastes and the fullest sympathy with each other, talking of society, the week's experiences, new books, their individual studies, plans, and hopes, and of Europe, which Longfellow and Cleveland had seen, and which the others longed to see. They loved good cheer, but observed moderation in their festivities. A table simply spread became a symposium when Felton [professor of Greek at Harvard University], with his joyous nature, took his seat amongst his friends; and the other four were not less genial and hearty. There was hardly a field of literature which the one or the other had not traversed, and they took a constant interest in each other's studies. Each sought the criticism of the rest upon his own book, essay, or poem, before it was given to the public. Their mutual confidence seemed to know no limit of distrust or fear of possible alienation; and they revealed, as friends do not often reveal, their inner life to each other (i., p. 161).

At this period, unlike most young lawyers, Sumner still took no interest in politics; but his letters show that his spirit was beginning to be stirred within him on the slavery question.

You [he writes, January 1836, to his constant correspondent, Francis Lieber] are in the midst of slavery. . . . What think you of it? Should it longer exist? Is not emancipation practicable? We are becoming Abolitionists at the North fast. The riots, the attempt to abridge the freedom of discussion, Governor M'Duffie's message, and the conduct of the South generally, have caused many to think favorably of immediate emancipation who never before inclined to it. [And again, to the same friend in 1837] Miss Martineau's book* will be published in a few days, and will make the feathers fly. From the extracts published in the papers, her work will be of a most decided character, mowing to the right and left with keenness and effect. I hope her castigation will do good. Already calumny has beset her amongst us, and she is classed with Hall and Trollope. Her comments on slavery are said to be scorching. I do not regret this. I hope through her some truth may reach the South. Perhaps her book may be burned by the hangman; certainly it will be placed on the *index expurgatorius* of the South. I wonder that your free spirit can endure the bondage to which opinion at the South must subject you, tying your tongue and taming all your expressions (i., pp. 173, 191).

We make one more extract from the

* Miss Martineau had made the acquaintance of Sumner and his friend Hillard when in the States, and pronounced them to be “glorious fellows.”

letters of this period, because it contains Sumner's opinion on a matter interesting to English lawyers, and his opinion strikes us as singularly weighty. Writing to Professor Mittermaier, of Heidelberg, respecting the proposed codification of the law of Massachusetts, he says :—

Among us the *codification* proposed is simply *revision* and *redaction*—the reduction of a portion of the vast mass of decided cases (*jurisprudence des arrêts*) to a written text, thus establishing, as it were, a stratum of *written* law, which will give firmness and solidity to that portion which remains unwritten. By such a course, it seems to me that we in a great degree avoid the evils pointed out by Savigny and the historical school. We still preserve the historical features of the law, not presuming to frame a new system from *new* materials, without consulting the previous customs, habits, and history of the country. The error of Jeremy Bentham and of John Locke was in supposing that they in their closets could frame *de novo* a code for the people. Locke prepared a code a century ago for one of the North American colonies, which proved a signal failure (i., p. 189).

Here is another noteworthy passage from a letter written about this time to his friend Lieber—

I yesterday talked with Fletcher (member of Congress and afterwards a judge) about your "political ethics." We debated the question whether a citizen should be obliged under a *penalty* to vote, as he is to serve on the jury. If voting be a duty and not a privilege, should not the duty be enforced by law? At our recent election two of our wealthiest citizens, whose position is mainly accorded on account of their wealth, declined voting. Their immense property was protected by the law, and yet they would not interfere or assist in the choice of the law-makers. I wish you would ponder this question for your book. I promised Mr. Fletcher that he should some day read a solution of it from your pen (i., p. 205).

It may one day be necessary for English Parliamentary reformers to consider this question.

We wish we had space to transfer at length to our pages a letter to a law student, containing most admirable advice how to study law as a science. Should this review fall into the hands of any of that class of students, we trust it may induce them to study the letter itself. We have room only for these extracts :—

Let me suggest that you should not hesitate to propose to yourself the highest standard of professional study and acquirement. . . . Keep the high standard in your mind's eye,

and you will certainly reach some desirable point.

I am led to make these suggestions from knowing, from my experience with law students, that the whisperings of their indolence, and the suggestions of practitioners with more business than knowledge, lead them to consider that all proper professional attainments may be stored up with very slight study. I know from observation that great learning is not necessary in order to make money at the bar, and that, indeed, the most ignorant are often among the wealthiest lawyers; but I would not dignify their pursuit with the name of a profession: it is in nothing better than a trade. . . . Pursue the law as a science, study it in books, and let the result of your studies ripen from meditation and conversation in your own mind. Make it a rule never to pass a phrase or sentence or proposition which you do not understand. If it is not intelligible—so indeed that a clear idea is stamped upon your mind—consult the references in the margin and other works which treat of the same subject, and do not hesitate, moreover, to confess your ignorance or inability to understand it, and seek assistance from some one more advanced in the pursuit.

Our remaining extract illustrates the tendency of Sumner's mind to study and write on the literature about the law rather than the law itself :—

Diligently study the characters of reporters and judges. . . . I assure you it is of comparatively easy accomplishment to familiarize yourself with the character of every reporter, and of all the important judges in English history. To this end read legal biography wherever you can lay your hands upon it. . . . Study legal biography; acquaint yourself with the time of publication of every legal work, and the repute in which it has been held; examine its preface, and look at the book itself, so that you may have it bodily before you whenever you see it referred to (i., pp. 206, 209).*

Sumner had long been desirous of visiting Europe, and especially England. He said, "The visions of boyhood and of the lengthened shadows of youth and manhood will then be realized, and I shall see what has so often filled my mind and imagination." "My journey," he wrote to a friend, "will not be peculiarly legal. I shall aim to see *society* in all its forms which are accessible to me; to see men of all characters, to observe institutions and laws, to go circuits, and attend terms and parliaments, and then come home and be happy" (i., p. 192).

* Sumner afterwards edited Vesey Junior's "Reports," adding valuable biographical notes, of which specimens will be found in "Memoir," vol. ii., p. 284, et seq.

Towards the close of 1837 he proceeded to carry out his design. It was a bold venture for one in his position. "In going abroad," he writes in his journal, "at my present age, and situated as I am, I feel I take a bold, almost a rash, step. One should not easily believe that he can throw off his clients and whistle them back, as a huntsman does his pack. But I go for purposes of education, and to gratify longings which prey upon my mind and time" (i., p. 214).

He had not saved enough out of his professional income to pay the expense of the journey, far more expensive than now, for as yet no passenger steamer had passed between the Old World and the New, and the railway systems both of England and the Continent were in their early infancy. Indeed, it is doubtful whether even that term was then applicable to the Continental railway system. What was lacking in his own resources was made up by loans generously offered by Story and other friends. It was not without serious misgivings that Story and Greenleaf saw their friend and former pupil set out for Europe. "They feared — an apprehension well founded — that the foreign experiences he counted upon would wean him from his profession. President Quincy [of Harvard University], in a parting interview, touched his sensitiveness by telling him rather bluntly that all Europe would do for him would be to spoil him, sending him home with a moustache and cane, — a remark meant in kindness, but with Sumner's reverent regard for the president, disturbing him for months afterwards whenever his memory recurred to his vacant law office" (i. p. 199). The fears of his friends that he would return from Europe spoilt were unfounded. Sumner, in the first entry made in the journal which he kept during his tour, expressed "an unabated determination on his return to devote himself faithfully to the duties of an American."

He was unusually fortunate in obtaining letters of introduction to many members of the English aristocracy, of the bench and of the bar, as well as to men of letters, and through his friend Lieber to several distinguished foreign jurists. His friend Mr. James A. Wortley (the late recorder of London), truly said of his English tour, "You have had better opportunities of seeing all classes of society, and all that is interesting amongst us, than any other of your countrymen" (ii., p. 140).

It is the extracts from the letters he wrote and the journal he kept during this

tour, especially those relating to his visit to this country, which are the great attraction of this book for English readers.

He sailed from New York for Havre, December 8, 1837. As was natural in a New Englander, he notes, on nearing the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, "My mind has felt a thrill under the associations of these waters; it is my first experience of the rich memories of European history. On my left now are the cliffs of England, Plymouth, from which the pilgrim ancestors of New England last started to come to our bleak places" (i., p. 215). His first European experiences were gained at Havre, where he landed December 28, "with antiquity staring at him from every side." The chief points in which he found Havre to differ from an American city "were (1) antiquity; (2) dress of women with caps, and without bonnets in the street; (3) labor of women; (4) presence of the military and police, a soldier or policeman presenting himself at every turn; (5) narrowness and dirt of the streets; (6) houses of stone, and narrow and chimney-like" (i., p. 219). Another point of difference struck the descendant of Puritans. "Here," he writes, "Sunday shines no Sabbath day," all things proceed as on week-days.

At Rouen he first saw one of those great historic monuments which have such a peculiar charm for educated Americans, who feel as Sumner felt that theirs is a country which has no prescription, no history, and no associations (i., p. 264).

The cathedral (of Rouen) is the great lion of the north of France, and is said to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture on the Continent. Certainly it is vast and elaborate, transcending all that my imagination had pictured as the result of this architecture. The minuteness of the workmanship testifies that it was done by those who commanded hands for labor with a facility not unlike that which summoned the thousands of laborers who raised the pyramids of Egypt. I can hardly imagine such a work at the present day. No building, unless it be Westminster Abbey, abounds more in historical associations. Enlarged, if not built, by the ancient dukes of Normandy anterior to the conquest of England, it is the chosen place where the bones of many of them repose. Here are the remains of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy and the ancestor of the Conqueror, and over them an effigy of William the Long Sword, his son; of Henry, the father of Cœur de Lion; and here the lion heart was itself deposited. At a later day the remains of the Duke of Bedford — the English regent of France, discomfited by the Maid of Orleans — were deposited here, and an inscription behind the great altar

marks the spot. Different parts in the neighborhood of altars are occupied by inscriptions and engraved effigies of bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and other eminent men, whose standing or character gave them admission after death to this company. Over all was the vast Gothic roof, stretching on with its ancient and numerous arches in imposing perspective; and the light which was shed upon this scene came through richly painted windows, where were martyrdoms and sufferings and triumphs such as the history of Christianity records—and here was I, an American—whose very hemisphere had been discovered long since the foundation of this church, whose country had been settled, in comparison with this foundation, but yesterday—introduced to these remains of past centuries, treading over the dust of archbishops and cardinals, and standing before the monuments of kings, and the founder of a dynasty the greatest and best-established of modern Europe. Now, indeed, may I believe in antiquity, and in the acts which are recorded. Often, in fancy, have I doubted if such men as history mentions ever lived, and did what we are told they did; if William of Normandy actually conquered England, and if indeed such a place as England existed for him to conquer. But this fancy, this pyrrhonism of the imagination, is now exploded. These monuments and their inscriptions, with the traces of centuries upon them, in this holy place, bear testimony to what I have read (i., p. 222).

From Rouen, Sumner went to Paris, where he was present at the closing of the once notorious gaming-house, Frascati's, having for that purpose hastened to be in Paris by New Year's eve, after which date all the "hells" of Paris were by law to be closed. But it was not for such sights that he came to Paris. He devoted himself, in the first instance, to acquire the French language, and with so much energy and success, that although, when "he arrived in Paris, he could understand hardly a sentence in French when spoken to him, in less than a month he could follow a lecturer, in six weeks participate in conversation, and at the end of three months he served as an interpreter before a magistrate on the examination of a fellow-countryman" (i., p. 228).

His industry while in Paris was immense. He attended one hundred and fifty or more lectures, not only on law, but other departments of knowledge. He frequented the hospitals, and witnessed the leaders of the medical profession, surrounded by their pupils, attending on the patients. To the Chambers and the theatres he was a frequent visitor. A visit to the Bibliothèque de St. Genevieve, with its two hundred thousand books and

thirty thousand manuscripts, led him to this reflection: "What is authorship? Here are two hundred thousand volumes. Who knows the names of the wise, and learned, and laborious who built on them confident hopes of immortality on earth? The pages of an unread catalogue are the only roll of fame on which most of their names are inscribed, and dust gathers over the leaves of the works on which long lives have been consumed. It seems like passing through tombs and a city of the dead to walk through a large library; for here how many aspirations—proud and high-reaching as the stars—hopes, and longings, lie buried" (i., p. 230).

A comparison of the French, English, and American press caused him "to feel strongly the pettiness of the politics of his country, their provincialism, and their lack of interest for the cosmopolite" (i., p. 235).

When attending a lecture on the "Institutes" of Justinian by Professor Ducaurroy, he saw a sight which no doubt tended to influence his future actions, for on more than one occasion afterwards he publicly referred to it.

Among the audience I noticed two or three blacks, or rather mulattoes—two-thirds black, perhaps—dressed quite *à la mode*, and having the easy, jaunty air of young men of fashion, who were well received by their fellow-students. They were standing in the midst of a knot of young men, and their color seemed to be no objection to them. I was glad to see this; though, with American impressions, it seemed very strange. It must be, then, that the distance between free blacks and the whites among us is derived from education, and does not exist in the nature of things (i., p. 242).

The then existing Chamber of Peers appeared to him

A highly respectable assembly. The style of debate [he adds] was entirely creditable; it was animated and courteous. Indeed, I can hardly imagine an assembly appearing more respectable, or a debate conducted with more of that spirit by which truth and the public good are best advanced. Yet I cannot help recording that I observed a peer standing in a most prominent place, on the elevation of the president's chair, and in conversation with the president, with his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat, which I remember hearing years ago was a Yankee trick (i., p. 262).

He conceived a great admiration for Louis Philippe.

There is no individual [he writes] about whom I have more changed my mind by coming to Paris than Louis Philippe. I had hitherto esteemed him a sensible, prudent, but ordinary

sovereign. I find him a great one—truly great—mingling in business as much as his ministers, and controlling them all. He is more than his cabinet. Measures emanate from him. With skill that is wonderful, he has reined in the Revolution of July (i., p. 262).

This is high praise of him whom one who knew him well called "*le plus grand fourbe de l'Europe*."*

It would be unjust to condemn for want of foresight a young man of twenty-seven, which was Sumner's age when in Paris; but it was Louis Philippe's control of his ministers and his reining in the Revolution of July, for which Sumner pronounced him to be a great sovereign, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy of July, as is well shown in the recently published "Memoirs" of M. Odillon Barrot.

The following sketch of the Chamber of Deputies of 1838 is interesting:—

I was infinitely disappointed in the appearance of the president. It was ordinary, and almost vulgar; and yet he is the famous M. Dupin, the editor of Pothier, the writer of sundry matters of law, and the sayer of several smart and memorable things. His head was partially bald, and the hair left was brushed smooth and sleek. Perhaps, on seeing this famous man nearer, I might alter the above impressions; but they are those of a first sight. I noticed in the Chamber of Peers what I thought was a Yankee trick; in the Chamber of Deputies I noticed others. For a good part of the debate, a *huissier*, whose place was very conspicuous, being directly on a level with the president, sat with his chair on its hind legs. Another, M. Salvaney, the minister of public instruction, sat for some time cutting with his penknife the mahogany desk before him. There were a good many speakers, one of whom was quite prominent, being able, eloquent, and humorous. This was the Count Joubert. He made a very severe attack on the ministry, which produced a sensible effect. He was very witty and caustic, and was constantly interrupted by cries of "*Tres bien*," or by murmurs of dissent, or more frequently by laughs at his sarcasm. I observed all the distinguished members of the House and scanned their features. Guizot is justly eminent. His literary labors have been immense, and his political elevation is now as distinguished as his literary. He is no longer in the ministry, but he is intensely regarded by all parties for the expansion of his views and their deep philosophical reflection. His forehead is high, but he is not bald, though his hair is thin. His face is mild and gentle in its expression. M. Thiers, the celebrated author of the "History of the French Revolution,"

is a most distinguished member of the Chamber. I did not hear him speak, but I narrowly regarded him. He is but little above the middle size, with sleek black hair, and with a bright countenance, which seemed to content itself with short and momentary looks. Lafitte sat on the extreme *gauche*; that is, at the extreme of the Liberal section. He was the great leader of the Revolution of July. His appearance is prepossessing. One would hardly expect to find in the gentlemanly person with silver locks, who sat so quietly during an exciting debate, the leader of a revolution. Odillon Barrot sat by his side, and his whole frame and features seemed to be in constant motion. His appearance was neat, attractive, and gentlemanly; but I saw him from a distance, so that I could not discern his particular features. The great astronomer Arago, who has mingled very much in politics, and who is an extreme Liberal, sat by his side. On the opposite side of the house was Lamar-tine, a tall, thin man, looking like a poet, of whom I had but an imperfect view; also Berryer, the eloquent Carlist, with his blue coat buttoned high up in his neck, and his burly face full of blood and passion. The members of the Chamber sat with their hats off, and generally preserved a respectful deportment; but they interrupted the speaker at pleasure, with notes of admiration or dissent, to as great an extent, I should think, as in the English Parliament (i., p. 268).

At the different courts of justice Sumner was a constant attendant and a shrewd critic.

A French court [he writes to Judge Story] is a laughable place. To me it is a theatre, and all the judges, advocates, and parties "merely players." In those particulars in which they have borrowed from the English law, they have got hold of about half of the English principle, and forgotten the rest. Thus they have juries. These they imported from England, but with none of the regulations by which the purity of our verdict is secured.

In the Court of Cassation [he notes in his journal] I heard M. Laborde, on one side, make what I thought a very beautiful speech, animated, flowing, *French*. He used a brief, which appeared to contain the quotations only which he made. I think the whole argument had been written out and committed to memory. Dupin was quiet and dry in his delivery, having his whole argument *written out*, reading it without pretending to look off his paper. He appeared here, as in the Chamber of Deputies, "vulgar."

In a letter to Story he wrote, "Dupin, the first lawyer of France, is not equal to Daniel Webster." To another friend he wrote:—

I am diligently studying the French code, in which I find much to admire. The whole

* M. Thiers, *vide* Sir John Bowring's "Recollections," p. 137.

procedure has struck me most favorably. I will only say at present, that those who have spoken and written about it in England and in the United States have not understood it, or else have calumniated it grossly. A *tertium quid* which should be the result of the French and English manner of procedure would be as near perfection as I can imagine; but I am inclined to think—indeed, I am convinced—that if I were compelled to adopt the *whole* of either without admixture, I should take the French. My mind is full of this subject, but I will not enlarge upon it at present (i., pp. 282-284).

Although he admired the French law, he did not extend his admiration to French lawyers.

The *horizon* of the French lawyer [he writes to Professor Greenleaf] is extremely limited. Foreign nations, with their various laws, are nothing to him. Strong in the Chinese conceit that France is the celestial nation, he neglects with a truly Mohammedan indifference all but his own peculiar jurisprudence, and in the study of this I am strongly inclined to believe that he generally bounds his labors by the perusal of the codes and some few of the commentators. I write this with some hesitation, not, however, because what I have seen has left any doubt upon my mind, but because I am reluctant to judge foreigners. But one of the most distinguished of their professors made a confession to me similar to what I have stated above.

Writing to Story, he reiterates this opinion, and adds:—

I cannot hesitate in saying that the learning of the profession is of the most shallow kind. The code is the *vade mecum*, "the be-all and end-all" with the French *avocat*: this he possesses in a neat pocket edition, the different codes designated by the different color of the leaves, and carries with him to court. Among the younger lawyers whom I have met, I have found the greatest ignorance with respect even to the modern authors of France. . . . I can assure you without vanity (for between us there is no such thing) that I have several times felt that my acquaintance with the literature of French jurisprudence, and with the character and merit of its authors, was equal if not superior to that of many of the Frenchmen with whom I conversed. With them now it is indeed *Nil præter edictum prætoris*, the code and nothing but the code. Ignorant as they are of their own jurisprudence, it would seem superfluous to add that they know nothing of foreign jurisprudence, nothing of English and American in particular (i., pp. 287, 292).

His admiration of the code increased.

I have been most agreeably disappointed in the penal code. There is much in it which we must adopt. Would that I could draw a

sponge over all our criminal law, whether by statute, custom, precedent, or however otherwise evidenced. When I see the simplicity, neatness, and common sense of the procedure here, I sigh over the cumbrous antiquated forms and vocabulary which we persist in retaining. But this is not to be discussed at the end of a letter. I shall return not simply a codifier, but a *revolutionist*, always ready, however, I trust, to be illuminated by the superior wisdom of my friends (i., p. 288).

His avowedly strong preference for some points in the French procedure alarmed the professor.

Greenleaf [writes Lieber to Sumner] runs up and down the coast of the Atlantic like an anxious hen, while you, a young duck, swim lustily on the ocean. He is very much afraid you will become too *principled* and too *unprecedented* (ii., p. 7).

The impression produced on Sumner by his sojourn in Paris is thus stated to Story:—

I have never felt myself so much an American, have never loved my country so ardently, as since I left it. I live in the midst of manners, institutions, and a form of government wholly unlike those under which I was born; and I now feel in stronger relief than ever the superior character impressed upon our country in all the essentials of happiness, honor, and prosperity. I would not exchange my country for all that I can see and enjoy here; and dull must his soul be, unworthy of an American, who would barter the priceless intelligence which pervades his whole country, the universality of happiness, the absence of beggary, the reasonable equality of all men as regards each other and the law, and the general vigor which fills every member of society, besides the high moral tone, and take the state of things which I find here, where wealth flaunts by the side of the most squalid poverty, where your eyes are constantly annoyed by the most disgusting want and wretchedness, and where American purity is inconceivable (i., p. 288).

Sumner left Paris for England 29th May 1838. With what feelings he approached this country we see from another letter to Story.

I start for England, and how my soul leaps at the thought! Land of my studies, my thought, and my dreams! Then indeed "shall I pluck the life of life." Much have I enjoyed and learned at Paris, but my course has been constantly impeded by the necessity of unremitted study. The language was foreign, as were the manners, the institutions, and the laws. I have been a learner daily; I could understand nothing without study. But in England everything will be otherwise. The page of English history is a familiar story; the English law has been my devoted pursuit for years, English politics my pastime, and the

English language is my own. I shall then leap at once to the full enjoyment of all the mighty interests which England affords, and I shall be able at once to mingle with its society, catch its tone, and join in its conversation, attend the courts, and follow all their proceedings as those at home (ii., p. 294).

"Sumner's acquaintance with English society," truly says his biographer, "was wider and more various than any previously enjoyed by an American, and even exceeded that of most Englishmen."

While in London or journeying in other parts of the British Islands, he mingled with the best society. His associations were not confined to any one set, but embraced persons widely divergent in professional callings, politics, tone of thought, and rank,—judges, lawyers, and divines; scholars eminent in literature, metaphysics, and science; titled persons who combined good breeding and intelligence; statesmen (Whig, Tory, and Radical), some of whom were aged and full of reminiscences of great orators; women, whose learning, cleverness, or grace enriched the thought and embellished the society of their day.

Sumner's opinions on English society and manners and institutions, and his judgments on the statesmen and lawyers he met, are given with unrestrained frankness in his journals and in his letters, especially those to Story and Greenleaf, and will be read with interest in this country. Some of the most striking of them we will transfer to these pages. We have seen with what feelings he anticipated his visit to England. He again gives expression to them in a letter to Story.

My pulses beat quick as I first drove from London Bridge to the tavern, and, with my head reaching far out of the window, caught the different names of streets so familiar by sound, but now first presented to the eye. As I passed the Inns, those chosen seats of ancient Themis, and caught the sight of Chancery Lane, I felt—but you will understand it all (i., p. 313).

This is surely the only instance in which that very squalid and dingy street, Chancery Lane, excited poetical feelings in any one's mind. "Paris," he said, "is great, vast, magnificent; but London is powerful, mighty, tremendous. The one has the manifestations of taste and art all about it, the other those of wealth and business."

Describing his first visit to the House of Commons, he writes to Story—"The business was dull, and—you will read it with astonishment—I slept under the gallery of the House of Commons."

His second visit was more successful. He was present on the 12th June, 1838, during a debate on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill.

Need I tell you [he continues] the interest was thrilling during the whole time. Peel made a beautiful speech—polished, graceful, self-possessed, candid, or apparently candid, in the extreme. We have no man like him. Lord John Russell rose in my mind the more I listened to him. In person he is diminutive and rickety. He wriggled round, played with his hat, seemed unable to dispose of his hands or his feet; his voice was small and thin; but notwithstanding all this, a house of upwards of five hundred members was hushed to catch his slightest accents. You listened, and you felt that you heard a man of mind, of thought, and of moral elevation. Sheil then broke forth with one of his splendid bursts, full of animation in the extreme. He screamed and talked in octaves, and yet the House listened and the cheers ensued. Sir Edward Sugden [afterwards Lord St. Leonards] tried to speak; but calls of "Question," "Divide," and all sorts of guttural expectorating sounds from members in a corner or outstretched on the benches of the gallery prevented my catching a word of what he said during the half-hour he was on his legs. Sir John Campbell, the solicitor-general (Rolfe), and Follett all spoke; and of these, Follett was by far the best. O'Connell spoke several times, but only long enough to give me a taste of his voice, which is rich in the extreme, more copious and powerful than Clay's, though less musical (i., p. 316).*

Sir Charles Vaughan, once English minister to the United States, had been, when at Washington, on friendly terms with Judge Story; this led to a correspondence between Story and Mr. Justice Vaughan, the minister's brother, then one of the judges of the Common Pleas. Through him Sumner became acquainted with the judges and the leading members of the bar. With the English bar Sumner was highly impressed. "I cannot," he said, "sufficiently express my admiration of the heartiness and cordiality which pervade all the English bar. They are truly a band of brothers, and I have been received among them as one of them." The relations between the bar and the bench made a like impression on Sumner to that which they produced on Berryer.

J'ai assisté [he said on his visit to England in 1865] à toutes les cours de justice de votre pays, à toutes les délibérations judiciaires; j'ai été frappé de la situation qu'on y fait au barreau. Rien ne pouvait plus me toucher

* Of Lord John Russell Sumner wrote to Lieber, "You are right in your supposition about Lord John Russell. He is one of the greatest men I have seen in England."

que ces entretiens familiers entre le juge et l'avocat. Cela prouve à ce dernier l'attention qui lui est accordée; et j'y vois une garantie pour le sentiment d'indépendance qui doit appartenir à cet noble profession. I know nothing [wrote Sumner to Greenleaf] that has given me greater pleasure than the elevated character of the profession as I find it, and the relation of amity and brotherhood between the bench and the bar. The latter are really the friends and helpers of the judges. Good-will, graciousness, and good manners prevail constantly, and then the duties of the bar are of the most elevated character. I do not regret that my lines have been cast in the places where they are, but I cannot dismiss the feeling akin to envy with which I regard the noble position of the English barrister, with the intervention of the attorney to protect him from the feelings and prejudices of his client, and with a code of professional morals which makes his daily duties a career of the most honorable employment (i., p. 326).

We commend this opinion to those sciolists, as we venture to call them, who would efface the distinction hitherto existing in England between the senior and the junior branches of the legal profession.

Sumner heard

Lord Brougham despatch several cases in the Privy Council, and one or two were matters with which I was entirely familiar. I think I understand the secret of his power and weakness as a judge, and nothing that I have seen or heard tends to alter the opinion I had formed. As a judge he is electric in the rapidity of his movements; he looks into the very middle of the case when counsel are just commencing, and at once says, "There is such a difficulty (mentioning it) to which you must address yourself, and if you can't get over that I am against you." In this way he saves time, and gratifies his impatient spirit, but he offends counsel. Here is the secret.*

In the mean time Brougham is restless at table, writes letters, and, as Baron Parke assured me, wrote his great article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April last at the table of the Privy Council. I once saw an usher bring him a parcel of letters—I should think there must have been twenty-five—and he opened and read them, and strewed the floor about him with envelopes; and still the argument went on; and very soon Brougham pronounced the judgment in rapid, energetic, and perspicuous language—better than I have heard from any other judge on the bench.

This account of Brougham's judicial manner corroborates Mr. Greville's de-

scription of his demeanor at the hearing of the remarkable case of *Swift v. Kelly*. "On Saturday," writes Mr. Greville, "the court met, but no Brougham. They began, and in about two hours he made his appearance, read his letters, wrote notes, corrected some paper (for the press as I could see), and now and then attended to the cause, making flippant observations."* Sir David Brewster told Sumner "that he received several letters from Lord Brougham, written in court when chancellor, on *light*, one of them fourteen pages long" (i., p. 365). We fear that light must have been wanting in the chancellor's judgment in the case during the hearing of which his scientific dissertation was composed.

Sumner was introduced to Brougham by Joseph Parkes, the well-known Liberal solicitor, whose services to the party were recompensed under Lord John Russell's administration by his appointment, not to the benefit of the suitors or the profession, to the valuable office of taxing-master in chancery. Brougham took instantly to Sumner, and at their first meeting invited him to stay at Brougham Hall, saying, "Come down, and we will be quiet, and talk over the subject of codification." Sumner paid him the visit, but the subject of codification seems never to have been again mentioned between them. His account of Brougham at home is almost Boswellian, and exceedingly interesting. It confirms the accounts of Brougham's affection for and duty to his mother. The wife and daughter, as we believe was generally the case, were absent and from home, and Brougham's mother, then eighty-six, was the lady of the house. With her Sumner, like all those who had the honor and pleasure of her acquaintance, was particularly impressed and delighted.

Never [he notes] did I see a person who bore her years so well. During the dinner [Sumner writes to a friend] his lordship was constant in his attention to his mother, addressing her as "mother," and urging her to eat of particular dishes.

The title question was a puzzle to the young American.

I heard [continues Sumner] Mrs. Brougham address her son as "Lord Brougham." I could hardly make up my mind and my tongue to address this venerable woman as "Mrs. Brougham," which is all that belongs to her, and then speak to her son as "my lord."

His lordship took very little wine, less than I have seen any gentleman take at the head of

* The late Lord-Justice Knight Bruce, especially when, as vice-chancellor, he sat alone, was habitually guilty of the same fault.

* Greville's Journal, vol. iii., p. 260.

his table in England; but if he have not that vice, which has been attributed to him,—and I fully believe he has it not,—he has another, which is perhaps as bad; certainly it is bad and vulgar beyond expression—I mean *swearing*. I have dined in company nearly every day since I have been in England, and I do not remember to have met a person who swore half so much as Lord Brougham; and all this in conversation with an aged clergyman. His manner was rapid, hurried, and his voice very loud.

He seemed uneasy and restless, and of course made me feel the same. His language, as you may well suppose, was vigorous and to the point. He told some capital stories of King William, from which I should infer, notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary, that he was on good terms with that monarch.

You remember Denman's famous appeal on the queen's trial, alluding to the slanders of the Duke of Clarence, "Come forth, thou slanderer!" Brougham said that the Duke of York, sitting in one corner of the House, said to a peer near him, "There is my brother William, he is always in some scrape;" while the Duke of Clarence, sitting on the other side of the house, whispered to his friend, "My brother Frederick is always saying some d—d absurd thing," each supposing the other referred to by Denman!

When asked by Sumner who then at the bar was most like Erskine, Brougham replied, "Nobody! there is a degenerate race now; there are no good speakers at the bar except Sir William Follett and Mr. Pemberton." He further spoke of Lord Langdale (than master of the rolls) as a person who had never done anything, and would never do anything, and who was an ordinary man,—an estimate which was certainly correct. A dinner at Lansdowne House was, according to Brougham, "a great cure for Radicalism."

Thus [continues Sumner] he passed from topic to topic, expressing himself always with force, correctness, and facility unrivalled; but I must say with a manner not only far from refined, but even vulgar. He had no gentleness nor suavity, neither did he show any of the delicate attentions of the host. He *professed* an interest in America, but did not seem to care to speak about it. He said he should certainly visit us, for, with the present facilities of intercourse, it were a shame in an Englishman to be ignorant of the practical working of our institutions. "I am a republican," said he, "or rather, I am for intrusting the people with the largest possible degree of power." He spoke to me [continues Sumner] in the most disparaging terms of the aristocracy; but I shall be afraid that he will not speak so much for truth's sake so as to promote his own fame and power, or perhaps to gratify a personal pique.

Sumner's acquaintance with Brougham is but an illustration of the old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." He might have said to Brougham, as Bentham used to say, "Harry, if you want to study insincerity, stand before a looking-glass." *

I am almost sorry [he writes] I have seen Lord Brougham, for I can no longer paint him to my mind's eye as the pure and enlightened orator of Christianity, civilization, and humanity. I see him now, as before, with powers such as belong to angels; why could I not have found him with an angel's purity, gentleness, and simplicity? I must always admire his productions as models of art, but I fear that I shall distrust his sincerity and the purity of his motives. . . . I am disposed to believe that there is in him a nervousness and immense activity which is near akin to insanity, and which at present jangles with the otherwise even measures of his character.

Mrs. Brougham told Sumner that once Brougham, when chancellor, apologized to William IV. for troubling him with so many petitions, when the king promptly replied, "I shall be glad to see you take anything out of the bag except the Great Seal." This shows that, in spite of the generally rude and rough demeanor of the sailor king, he was not without some of the craft and duplicity which his father showed in his intercourse with his ministers.

The well-known friendship between Brougham and Lyndhurst is illustrated by another Boswellian account of a dinner party at Brougham's, at which Lyndhurst and Sumner were amongst the guests:—

Lord Brougham presented me in the quiet way in which this always takes place in English society—"Mr. Sumner, one of our profession," without saying of what country I was. We had been at table an hour or more before he was aware that I was an American. I alluded to America and Boston, and also to Lord Lyndhurst's relations there, with regard to whom Lord Brougham had inquired, when Lyndhurst said, "When were you in Boston?" "It is my native place," I replied. "Then we are fellow-townsmen," said he, with a most emphatic knock on the table, and something like an oath.

He left Boston, he told me, when a year old. I was betrayed by the frankness of his manner into saying the rudest thing I have to my knowledge uttered in England. Brougham asked me the meaning and etymology of the word "caucus." I told him it was difficult to assign any etymology that was satisfactory; but the most approved one referred its origin to the very town where Lord Lyndhurst was born, and to the very period of his birth; in

* Vide Sir John Bowring's "Recollections," p. 294.

this remark alluding to his age, which I was not justified in doing, especially as he wears a chestnut wig. Lord Brougham at once stopped me. "Yes," said he, "we know what period you refer to, about 1798." "Somewhere in the latter part of the century," I replied, anxious to get out of the scrape as well as I could by such a generality. I was gratified by Lyndhurst's calling upon me a few days afterwards, because it showed he had not been disturbed by my unintentional impertinence. The style of intercourse between Lyndhurst and Brougham, these two ex-chancellors, was delightful. It was entirely familiar. "Copley, a glass of wine with you." He always called him "Copley," and, pointing out an exquisite gold cup in the centre of the table, he said, "Copley, see what you would have had if you had supported the Reform Bill." It was a cup given to Lord Brougham by a penny subscription of the people of England. It was very amusing to hear them both join in abuse of O'Connell, while Charles Phillips entertained us with his Irish reminiscences of the "agitator," and of his many barefaced lies. "A damned rascal," said Lyndhurst, while Brougham echoed the phrase, and did not let it lose an added epithet (ii., p. 67).

This interview with Lord Lyndhurst probably modified the highly unfavorable opinion of him which Sumner had previously formed. "I heard Lyndhurst, and I cannot hesitate to pronounce him a master orator. All my prejudices are against him; he is unprincipled as a politician and a man. Notwithstanding all this, Lyndhurst charmed me like a siren. His manner is simple, clear, and directly enchainning the attention of all; we have nobody like him" (i., p. 323). It is interesting to read that

Lord Grey told Lord Wharcliffe on the evening of Brougham's speech on the Reform Bill that it was the greatest speech he ever heard in his life, and his life covered the period of Pitt and Fox.

In this judgment Lord Wharcliffe concurred. Mr. Rogers told me Sir Robert Peel said that he never knew what eloquence was till he heard Brougham's speech on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies (ii., p. 48).*

Brougham's estimate of himself, and of the object of his great aversion, Lord Durham, is shown by this characteristic anecdote.

Brougham said to Roebuck, "They say there will be a great contest between Durham and myself in the House of Lords. There will be no such thing. It were affectation not to know that I am a very great debater, and that Lord Durham is a very poor one; there can be therefore no contest between us (ii., p. 21).

Lord Durham's appreciation of Brougham's truthfulness is shown by this occurrence. "I happened to tell a story," writes Sumner, "that I had heard from Lord Brougham. Durham looked me in the eye, and asked my authority for it. 'Lord Brougham; I had it from his own lips.' 'Did you ever verify it?' was the short but significant reply" (ii., p. 39).

With Lord Denman Sumner was equally intimate. He told Sumner that he considered the "wig" the silliest thing in England, and that he should try to get rid of it. The late Mr. Justice Allan Park, "a believer in the divinity of wigs," told Sumner "that it was all a piece of Denman's coxcomby; that he wished to show his person." Lord Brougham also seems to have been a believer in wigs, for he gave Sumner his "twelve-guinea full-bottomed wig" in which he made the speech on the Reform Bill to which Earl Grey referred. Lord Denman is long since gone, and there have been many changes in the law and its administration since his time, but the "wig" has survived them all, and to all appearance will continue to be the official head-dress of English lawyers. Sumner gave Brougham's wig to the Law School at Harvard. If it still exists, the students no doubt contemplate it with feelings akin to those of the Wesleyan Conference when on one occasion an old wig of John Wesley's was exhibited to its delighted gaze.

The sketches of the bar and bench as they were composed in the first years of the present reign are full and accurate. The especial object of Sumner's admiration among the judges was Lord Denman. So strong was the impression made by Denman on Sumner, that on Sumner's second visit to England (1857), at a dinner in Lincoln's Inn Hall, he said of him, "To have known him is among the valued possessions of life; to have seen him on the bench in the administration of justice, was to have a new idea of the elevation of the judicial character." The other judges whom Sumner especially admired were the chancellor (Lord Cottenham), Chief-Justice Tindal, Mr. Justice Patteson, and Mr. Baron Parke (Lord Wensleydale), although he pronounced the last to be not a little conceited and vain. "From Baron Alderson I heard a higher display of the judicial talent than from any other judge in England. The bar, however," he adds, "think him often unsafe." Lord Abinger he calls "the great failure of Westminster Hall." Among the members of the bar he considered the attorney-general

* The speech referred to by Lord Grey was that on the second reading of the Reform Bill, October 7, 1831.

(Sir John, afterwards Lord Campbell) "a very powerful lawyer, but his manner is harsh and coarse, without delicacy or refinement."

Those who remember the late Sir William Follett—they are not many—will read with pleasure and assent the following sketch:—

Sir William Follett is a truly lovable person, and one great secret of his early success has been his amiability. As a speaker he is fluent, clear, and distinct, with a beautiful and harmonious voice. He seems to have a genius for law; when it comes to the stating a law point and its argument, he is at home, and goes without let or hindrance or any apparent exertion. . . . Strange thing in the history of the bar, he is equally successful in the House of Commons, where I have heard them call for "Follett, Follett," and here he shows a parliamentary eloquence of no common kind, and also wins by his attractive manner. . . . I do not think his politics are much founded on knowledge. Circumstances have thrown him into the Tory ranks, where he will doubtless continue. He has little or no information out of his profession, seems not to have read or thought much, and yet is always an agreeable companion. I feel an attachment for him, so gentle and kind have I always found him.

Of Follett's colleague (the late Sir Frederick Pollock, afterwards chief baron) Sumner writes to Story, "He is dull, heavy, and, they say, often obtuse at the bar." The editor, in a note (vol. ii., p. 93) quotes a letter of Lord Denman's written on the bench while Pollock was arguing, in which he said of him, "He bestows tediousness in a spirit of prodigality." He carried the same habit to the bench, and indulged in it so freely as frequently to draw from a member of the bar, his connection by marriage, and afterwards one of his paises, the pointed remark, "Hark to that d——d old parrot!"

The almost forgotten Charles Austin, of Parliamentary committee fame, was thought by Sumner to be "the only jurist" at the English bar.

We cannot pass over the following characteristic witticism of Chief-Justice Tindal on another nearly forgotten lawyer (Mr. Serjeant Bompas), who, under the name of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, will enjoy a longer posthumous fame than under his own. "In argument," writes Sumner, "he (Bompas) is very earnest and noisy, sometimes confused. Chief-Justice Tindal was once asked if he thought Bompas a *sound* lawyer. 'That will depend,' said the chief justice, 'upon whether *roaring* is an unsoundness.'" Those who remember the habits of the late Mr. Justice Talfourd,

and the praise so often bestowed in his two volumes of "Vacation Rambles" on the wines of the countries through which he travelled, will appreciate the remark made by him on an eminent member of the bar distinguished for his temperance: "He is a humbug; he drinks no wine." "Here," says Sumner, writing of the Garrick Club, "Talfourd takes his *negus* on passing Westminster Hall in the morning, and his midnight potation on returning from Parliament."

But we must pass from the legal to the literary world. Here is an account of Sumner's first meeting with Walter Savage Landor:—

Landor was dressed in a heavy frock-coat of snuff color, trousers of the same color, and boots; indeed, he wore a morning dress, which one is more inclined to notice here than among us, where the difference between morning and evening dress is less imperiously settled. . . . Conversation turned upon Washington. . . . I spoke of "the *ashes* of Washington," saying "that his ashes still reposed at Mount Vernon. Landor at once broke upon me with something like fierceness. "Why will you, Mr. Sumner, who speak with such force and correctness, employ a word which in its present connection is not English? Washington's body was never burnt; there are no ashes—say rather *remains*" (i., p. 327).

Sumner visited Wordsworth at his home.

I cannot [he writes] sufficiently express to you my high gratification at his manner and conversation. It was simple, graceful, and sincere; it had all those things the absence of which in Brougham gave me so much pain. I felt that I was conversing with a superior being, yet I was entirely at my ease (i., p. 357).

From the Lake country Sumner went on to Scotland. He visited Abbotsford in the company of Sir D. Brewster, at whose house he met at dinner Sir Adam Ferguson (well known by name to every reader of Lockhart's "Life of Scott"), who, in reference to the well-known line in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "assured him that Scott never saw *Melrose by moonlight* during all his life;" and Sir David added "that he had heard Scott say that twenty times. The truth was, Scott would not go there for fear of bogles." Abbotsford Sumner describes as "a confused pile—a folly made sacred by the memory of its great author. As I saw this building, I felt the fatal weakness of Scott's character more than ever, and sighed to think he could not have had the simple tastes which I found in Words-

worth. . . . The house is in wretched taste" (i., pp. 357, 358).

Sumner visited Jeffrey at Craigmook.

Never [he writes] have I heard any one express himself with such grace, beauty, precision, and variety of word as did Jeffrey when I introduced Jeremy Taylor. [Again] Jeffrey against all the world! While in Edinburgh I saw much of him; and his talent, fertility of expression, and unlimited information (almost learning) impressed me more and more. He spoke on every subject, and always better than anybody else.

Sydney Smith [whom Sumner visited at Combe Florey] is infinitely pleasant, and instructive too; but the flavor of his conversation is derived from its humor. Jeffrey is not without humor, but this is not a leading element. He pleases by the alternate exercise of every talent; at one moment by a rapid argument, then by a beautiful illustration, next by a phrase which draws a whole thought into its powerful focus, while a constant grace of language and amenity of manners, with proper contributions from humor and wit, heighten these charms.

What a different man [writes Sumner elsewhere] is Lockhart! He is without words, conversation, heart, or a disposition to please, throwing nothing into the stock of social intercourse, and keeping himself aloof from all the hearty currents of life.

Sir William Hamilton he thought "quite learned, but brusque and *gauche* in manner" (i., pp. 359-361).

Amongst other men of literary and political reputation with whom Sumner became acquainted was John Arthur Roebuck, of whom he writes to Story, "I know Roebuck, and like him much. He is young, ardent, ambitious, and full of great things, accomplished, and a *republican*" (i p. 344). *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* It would have been interesting if Mr. Pierce—as he could have done—had told us Sumner's opinion of Roebuck after the outburst of the slave-owners' rebellion, when he was constantly advocating in Parliament the recognition by England of the slave-owners' confederation, of which Sumner said, "Better for the fast-anchored isle that it should be sunk beneath the sea, with its cathedrals, its castles, its fields of glory, Runnymede, Westminster Hall, and the home of Shakespeare, than it should do this thing." On further acquaintance with Roebuck, Sumner pronounced him to be "rash, self-confident, and unassimilating. His party is himself, for he will brook no shadow of variance from his own opinions." In this respect at least there is no differ-

ence in the earlier and later days of Mr. Roebuck.

At Milnes's (Lord Houghton) Sumner sat next to Macaulay, and opposite Bulwer (Lord Lytton). Sumner found "it was a relief from the incessant ringing of Macaulay's voice to hear Bulwer's lisping, slender, and effeminate tones. I liked Bulwer better than I wished. He talked with sense and correctness, though without brilliancy or force" (ii., p. 68). Macaulay Sumner thought "oppressive." He did not leave on him "an entirely agreeable impression;" still he confessed his great and magnificent attainments and powers (ii., p. 65). In truth, Sumner—himself a great talker, and used in America to be *primus inter pares*—in Macaulay's company felt himself overclouded. On another occasion Sumner met Macaulay at Holland House. "Macaulay," he wrote, "was dining, but more subdued than I have ever before seen. That common expression 'her' and 'me' for, as some say, 'she' and 'I,' was ingeniously discussed. Lord Holland defended the use of 'her' and 'me' as good idiomatic English, thus: 'No one is handsomer than her,' and 'He is absent oftener than me.' Lord Holland said that his uncle, C. J. Fox, had studied these points, and used these expressions. Macaulay was strong the other way, but was much struck by the authority of C. J. Fox. Thirty years after his death, the genius of the great Whig orator governed the frequenters of the venerable mansion in which he was born" (ii., p. 80).*

Of Lord Beaconsfield Sumner relates: "Mrs. — said to Disraeli (the conversation had grown out of 'Vivian Grey'), 'There is a great deal written in the garrets of London.' Putting his hand on his heart, Disraeli said, 'I assure you "Vivian Grey" was not written in a garret'" (ii., p. 123).

Sumner's experiences of English society were by no means confined to London. He travelled through the south and west of England, through Winchester, Salisbury, and "down even to Bodmin in Cornwall, where the assizes of the Western Circuit were being held." There Sumner was the guest of the bar, as he was also of the Northern Circuit bar at Liverpool. At the meeting of the British and Foreign

* "In his choice of words," writes Lord Brougham of Fox, "he justly shunned foreign idioms, or words borrowed whether from the ancient or modern languages, and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in speaking and writing."

Scientific Association, his health was proposed by Bishop Maltby (of Durham), whose guest he afterwards was at Auckland Castle.

Not only very few foreigners, but very few young Englishmen in the same social position as Sumner—a young barrister, not as yet distinguished in his profession—are admitted as freely as Sumner was into the highest aristocratic society. He was the guest of Lord Wharncliffe at Wortley Hall, of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House, and also at Milton. While at Wentworth he had

a good opportunity to observe the way in which the wealthy sons of the aristocracy pass their time. The young Lord Milton had invited some of his friends, of about his own age, and keen in their love of horses, to visit him and have some private races. Milton offered, amongst various prizes, a gold cup and a dessert set. Among the young men were the future Lord Scarborough, and Lord De Mauley. They were all dressed as jockeys, with the cap, the close blue or red or yellow silk jacket, the leather breeches, and the white topboots. I observed a strong habit with them all; a remark could not be made without an offer to support it with a bet. If they were walking in the garden, one observed on the distance of a certain object, and straightway a bet was offered and taken with regard to it; and on one occasion the young De Mauley—who, besides being the heir of a peer, and at present a member of the House of Commons, has just married one of the handsomest women I ever saw in any country—offered to bet that he could run a certain distance within a given time. The bet was taken, the ground measured, he took off his boots and coat and waistcoat, ran, and gained the bet. At cards they were always disposed to make the sum played for quite high. I have found it universal in England to play for money. One evening I played with a *clergyman*. I won, and the clergyman paid me five shillings. Now, I must confess that I have disliked all this very much. I do not fancy cards in their best state; especially do I not fancy them when so nearly allied to gaming (i., p. 373).

Since this was written—nearly forty years ago—the passion for gambling in the shape of racing, betting, and card-playing has increased amongst and extended over all classes of English society. From Wentworth Sumner paid a visit to the town of Boston, after which his native town is named; “and whence,” he writes, “John Cotton, ‘whose fame was in all the churches,’ went to settle our New England. I saw the old parsonage which Cotton left for the woods of America, and tapped at the back-door with a venerable triangular knocker, which, I doubt not,

the hands of the Puritan preacher had often known before he forsook the soft cushion of the Established Church and the shadow of that fine Gothic pile, on which, even in his days, so many centuries had shed their sunshines and showered their storms.” From Boston, Sumner went to the Earl of Leicester’s at Holkham, “which,” he wrote, “seems to me to blend more magnificence and comfort, and to hold a more complete collection of interesting things, whether antiques, pictures, or manuscripts, than any seat I have visited.” Here he found a portrait of Sir Edward Coke, and saw his handwriting in annotations on many of the books in the library. “You may imagine” (he writes to Greenleaf), “that I have felt no common thrill in being thus permitted to look upon these things.” “Lord Leicester,” he writes elsewhere, “is now old and infirm. He is a very great friend of America, and recounts as the proudest event of his life the motion he made for the recognition of our independence. He speaks of Fox with the warmest friendship; of George the Fourth in no measured terms” (i., pp. 374-376).*

At Windsor, Sumner was invited to breakfast with the household, and those who remember Baron Stockmar’s account of the total want of organization in the palace, before Prince Albert, at Stockmar’s instigation, undertook the reform of its domestic affairs, will appreciate this extract:—

I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, etc. Lord Byron—who you know was a captain in the navy—is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not many of the smooth terms of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, “This day is a real *sneez*, it is a *rum* one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?” Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the “slapping pace” at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. . . . Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us, but they told him he must go up-stairs and breakfast with “the gals,” meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor. . . . Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down, “Murray, ‘the gals’ say there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle.” Again, the ladies sent a servant to

* The Earl of Leicester here spoken of was earlier known as Coke of Holkham. He was long member for Norfolk, and was created a peer on the queen’s accession in 1837. He was the direct descendant of Lord Chief-Justice Coke, whose library is preserved at Holkham. Lord Leicester was in the habit of speaking of the Georges in unmeasured terms. He it was who called George III. “a bloody-minded parasite.”

Murray complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it (ii. 16).*

At Oxford, Sumner was lodged in All Souls', and "enjoyed the pleasing delusion" that he was a fellow of that peculiar institution. Thence he went to Cambridge. "Oxford is more striking as a whole," he thought, "than Cambridge, but less so in its individual features." At Cambridge he saw "most of the persons eminent at the university, and visited the various colleges."

The Christmas week of 1838 Sumner spent with Lord Fitzwilliam at Milton. Here he was brought, for the first time, face to face with the peculiar institution of England—fox-hunting. "I think," he wrote, "I have never participated in anything more exciting than this exercise." After describing how, contrary to his first intention, he had been led into the run, he continues:—

My first fence I shall not readily forget. I was near Lord Milton, who was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. He cleared a fence before him. My horse pawed the ground and neighed. I gave him the rein, and he cleared the fence. As I was up in the air for one moment, how was I startled to look down and see there was not only a fence but a ditch! He cleared the ditch too. I lost my balance, was thrown to the very ears of the horse, but in some way or other contrived to work myself back to the saddle without touching the ground. How I got back I cannot tell; but I did regain my seat, and my horse was at a run in a moment.

Those who remember Sumner's gaunt and ungainly figure will be as much surprised at his escape as he was himself. His feelings probably resembled those of the hero of a tale told by one who in his day was well known with the "Fitzwilliam," which described a leap of such width "that the rider, a pious man, said the Lord's Prayer in the air." Encouraged by the success of his first hunting expedition, Sumner the next day made a second, which had its incidents, one of which was, "I rode among the foremost, and in going over a fence and a brook together, came to the ground. My horse cleared them both, and I cleared him, for I went directly over his head." One feature of the hunting-field particularly impressed him, as it was sure to do one of Puritan descent.

I should not fail to commemorate the feats

* Stockmar's Memoir, vol. ii., p. 118.

of the clergymen, as they illustrate the position of this body in England. The best and hardest rider in this part of the country is reputed to be a clergyman; and there was not a day that I was out that I did not see three or four persons rejoicing in the style of "Reverend," and distinguishable from the rest of the *habitués* by wearing a black instead of a red coat. They were among the foremost in every field, and cleared fences with great ease. Once we came to a very stiff rail fence; and as the hounds were not in full cry, there was a general stop to see how the different horses and riders would take it. Many were afraid, and several horses refused it. Soon, however, the Rev. Mr. Nash, a clergyman of some fifty years, came across the field, and the cry was raised, "Hurrah for Nash! Now for Nash!" I need not say that he went over it easily. Change the scene, and imagine Mr. Greenwood or Dr. Lyman Beecher* riding at a rail fence, and some thirty or forty persons looking on and shouting, "Hurrah for Greenwood!" "Hurrah for Beecher!"

Were an American now to visit the "shires," we believe that he would find the clerical element conspicuous by its absence, though it may be, as Mr. Froude says, that the total merging of the country gentleman in the ecclesiastic has tended to weaken rather than strengthen the influence of the country clergy in their parishes.

Describing the dinners and evenings at Milton, he says: "Conversation goes languidly. The boys are sleepy, and Lord Fitzwilliam serious and melancholy;" and this leads him to pass the following judgment on English fox-hunting: "I was excited and interested by it. I confess I should like to enjoy it more, and have pressing invitations to continue my visit, or renew it at some future period. But I have moralized much upon it, and have been made melancholy by seeing the time and money that are lavished on this sport, and observing the utter unproductiveness of the lives of those who are most earnestly engaged in it, like my lord's family, whose mornings are devoted to it, and whose evenings are rounded by a sleep" (ii., pp. 32, 33).† In this we cordially agree, but we are in the minority. Since Sumner's first visit to England the passion for fox-hunting has deepened and widened throughout society.

The hospitality shown to Sumner was not confined to the Whig aristocracy; he was received on equally intimate terms by several leading Tories. Amongst these

* Well-known American ministers of that time.

† One of the boys of 1838 has since met his death in the hunting-field.

were Lord Wharnccliffe and Sir H. Inglis, of whom he writes: "Their strong Tory principles no one can doubt, and their beautiful private characters have invested these principles with a charm for my mind that they never had before. Not that I am a Tory; but meeting Tories of such a character has made me charitable and catholic, and convinced me that everything that proceeds from them is from the purest hearts and most cultivated minds" (i., p. 336).

Of English society, in comparison with that of his own country, Sumner formed this opinion: "In England, what is called society is better educated, more refined, and more civilized than what is called society in our own country. You understand me to speak of society as society, and not of individuals. I know *persons* in America who would be an ornament of any circle anywhere; but there is no *class* with us that will in the least degree compare with that vast circle which constitutes English society. The difference of education is very much against us" (ii., p. 78).

In March 1839, Sumner left England, and with that event the interest of the book ceases for English readers. We have dwelt so long on this portion of the memoir that we must compress our remarks on that which remains. Sumner travelled through Italy and through Germany, where he made the acquaintance of many distinguished jurists. While at Paris, on his way to Italy, the relations between England and the United States were embittered by the "north-eastern boundary question," and Sumner, at the request of General Cass, the United States minister at Paris, drew up the argument on the American side, which was published in *Galignani*. It was well received both in this country and in his own. In the United States it was considered a clear and able statement of the American view, and Lord Brougham told him it was "unanswerable." In May 1830, Sumner landed at New York, and thence went home to Boston, where he slowly returned to professional and literary work; but he "never took kindly to the details of law business," and "at times could not refrain from confessing to intimate friends that he had little heart for its drudgery." Law is a very jealous mistress, and "bears no rival near her throne;" and, as was to be expected, Sumner never obtained that eminence at the bar which might have been expected from his love of the study of jurisprudence, his knowledge, if not of

law, about law, and his argumentative and rhetorical powers. He was gradually drawn to political life. "Questions of international law, growing out of the institution of slavery in the United States, supplied the first topics in the discussion of which Sumner participated after his return from Europe." The English as distinguished from the American view of the "right of search" was maintained by him in papers which received the strongly expressed approbation of both Story and of Chancellor Kent. At this time the Abolitionist party were urging the dissolution of the Union. William Lloyd Garrison denounced the national Constitution "as a pro-slavery instrument, a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." Sumner, while equally urgent for abolition, refused to be a party to breaking up the Union. He was not at that time, therefore, in the strict party sense an Abolitionist. In January 1843 appeared his article, "The Nation's Duty as to Slavery," which the late Earl of Carlisle—one of Sumner's most intimate friends—thought "very close, clear, and unanswerable." Its arguments may be thus summed up: "It cannot be doubted that the Constitution may be amended, so that it shall cease to render any sanction to slavery. The power to amend carries with it the previous right to inquire into and to discuss the matter to be amended; and this right extends to all parts of the country over which the Constitution is spread—the North as well as the South" (ii., p. 240).

He continued his contributions to various periodicals on questions of general as well as legal literature. One of them, on the "Number Seven," which appeared in a law magazine, appears to have been a most singular production. But the slavery question gradually absorbed him. In 1843 we find him writing to the author of a pamphlet on "Caste and Slavery in the Church," "Is it not strange that the Church, or any body of men upon whom the faintest ray of Christianity has fallen, should endeavor to exclude the African, 'guilty of a skin not colored as their own,' from the freest participation in the privileges of worshipping the common God? It would seem as if prejudice, irrational as it is uncharitable, could no further go. Professing the religion of Christ, they disapprove that equality which he recognizes in his precepts, and they violate that most beautiful injunction which enfolds so much philanthropy and virtue, 'Love thy neighbor'" (ii., p. 261). Popular education and prison discipline were

also among the subjects which engaged his attention.

The turning-point of his life drew near. In commemoration of an episode in the War of Independence, known as the Boston Massacre, the town of Boston instituted an annual oration, "Upon the Danger of Standing Armies stationed in Populous Cities in time of Peace," which is yearly delivered on "Independence Day," July 4th. Many of the greatest American speakers have delivered the oration. On this occasion, "the mayor and aldermen, common council, and other city officers march in procession with music and military escort, accompanied by a crowd of citizens, to the appointed place to hear the speaker of the day." Sumner was chosen to deliver this oration on the 4th July, 1845. The subject he chose was "The True Grandeur of Nations." It was emphatically a "speech of peace."* It reads like one of Richard Cobden's Peace Congress speeches. Sumner had, while in England, been introduced to Cobden, not yet a member of Parliament. In 1845 Cobden was absorbed in the work of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and had not commenced his second career as the apostle of reduced armaments and international arbitration. Yet Sumner in 1844 writes in the very spirit of Cobden to his brother-in-law, then at Paris:—

The age of war among civilized nations has passed, and each year of peace is an additional testimony to this truth. . . . I cannot but think you regard with the complacency of another age the immense military establishments and fortifications by which you are surrounded. What a boon to France if her half-million of soldiery were devoted to the building of railways and other internal improvements, instead of passing the day in carrying superfluous muskets! What a boon to Paris if the immense sums absorbed in her fortifications were devoted to institutions of benevolence! She has more to fear from the poverty and wretchedness of her people than from any foreign foe; nor do I set much value upon any defence that can be made against any invading force that has once seen the smoke of the capital. The principles of free trade, now so generally favored, are antagonists to war. They teach, and when adopted cause, the mutual dependence of nation upon nation. They, in short, carry out among nations the great principle of division of labor which obtains among individuals. It was a common and earnest desire among our statesmen after the last war to render our country *independent*, for its manufactures and fabrics, of foreign na-

tions. Far better would it be, and more in harmony with God's providence, if we were dependent upon all nations. Then would war be impossible. As civilization advances, the state of national dependence is promoted, and even England at this moment can hardly call herself independent of the United States.*

When we turn to the "oration" itself, we shall find the same coincidence of thought. Hitherto on these occasions the speakers of the day had been careful to conform "to the prevailing opinions of the moment." Sumner was the first to attack "a custom and opinions approved by popular judgment and sanctioned by venerable traditions." The main thesis of his oration was, "In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable." We have space but for one or two extracts. His opening rather savored of the pulpit, referring to the day "as the Sabbath of the nation, on which we put aside all the common cares of life;" adding, "May he who now addresses you be enabled so to direct your minds that you shall not seem to have lost a day." He then proceeded, according to custom, to pay homage to the fathers of the republic in a rhetorical passage, "borrowed," says Mr. Pierce, "almost literally, from words attributed by Plato to the fathers of Athens, in the beautiful funeral discourse of the Menexenus" (ii., p. 347). In the course of his address there occurs a passage in the style of Cobden, pointing out that "for the annual sum that is lavished on one ship of the line, *four* institutions like Harvard University might be sustained throughout the country." The practical point which he urged on his hearers was this: "Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn surrounded by the savages. Let us, while we recognize these transcendent ordinances of God—the *law of right*, and the *law of love*—the double suns which illuminate the moral universe—aspire to the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations."

Again: "If it be asked why, on this national anniversary, in the consideration of the true grandeur of nations, I have dwelt thus singly and exclusively on war, it is because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness (ii., pp. 350, 351). Enumerating the pecul-

* The words in which Sir R. Peel described his last speech in the House of Commons.

* Memoir, vol. ii., pp. 314, 315. See other letters, containing the germs of the oration, vol. ii., pp. 82, 263, 264, 275, 296, 297, 311, 312.

far victories of speech, his anti-slavery feeling, ever strong, was stirred within him, and he broke forth in a passage which reminds us of, and was probably inspired by, Brougham's anti-slavery speeches.

When the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened with its beams!) that shall witness the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now held in gloomy bondage under the Constitution of our country, then there shall be a victory in comparison with which that of Bunker's Hill shall be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be one of the great landmarks of civilization; nay, more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God (ii., p. 353).

Towards the close of his address, not foreseeing the events of fifteen years later, and the course he should then take, he said, "Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings; let it be no reason of our republic" (ii., p. 354). The closing sentence of his too long and too ornate peroration was, "Let us now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself" (ii., p. 355).

If it be—as according to Lord Beaconsfield it is—the first property of eloquence to produce a sensation, this oration of Sumner's may rank amongst the masterpieces of the world's eloquence. Such an outspoken declaration of "peace principles" had scarcely ever before, if at all, and certainly not on such an occasion, been made in America. The press throughout the States rang with praises or censures of the speaker and his subject. With the account of this oration, the circumstances of its delivery, and the criticisms it produced, the memoir closes at the threshold of Sumner's public career.

We cannot but reiterate our feeling of disappointment at the abrupt close of the work, and the hope that the writer may be induced to conclude his task, and give the world the public life of Charles Sumner. Meanwhile we tender him our respectful thanks for the interesting volumes he has given us. The memoir, though perhaps too long, is well executed. Though not in style to be compared with

Stanley's "Arnold," it is framed on the same principle. The biographer stands aside, and lets the subject of his biography tell the story of his life in his own letters and journals. Both these works possess what may be called, in the words which Macaulay uses of the fourth Gospel, "the peculiar charm of the narrative of the disciple whom the teacher loved." The memoir is enriched with notices of the statesmen, lawyers, and men of letters, both in England and on the Continent, whom Sumner during his European tour saw or was intimate with. They are wonderfully accurate, and show an extensive knowledge of men and facts. Mr. Pierce's familiarity with the lives and careers of former celebrities in Parliament, on the bench, or at the bar, is another illustration of how much there is in common between the peoples of the United States and of England; how the fame of our statesmen and advocates is amongst the cherished possessions of America.

We must conclude. Had space permitted, we should have liked to trace Sumner's career as the bold, unflinching leader of the Abolitionists in the Senate; to narrate his denunciations of slavery until the time when the exasperated slave-owners resorted to the appropriate argument of physical force, and felled him to the floor of the Senate House; and to have described his reappearance in the senate (4th June, 1860), when, with true moral heroism, he "resumed the discussion precisely where he left" it, and made his great speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery," which circulated by the thousand throughout the States, and powerfully contributed to the election, during the ensuing fall, of Abraham Lincoln to the chair of the Union.

Sumner's humanitarian views were rudely tested by the outbreak of the slave-owners' rebellion, and his "voice was for war" to an extent not easily reconcilable with the principles of "The True Grandeur of Nations." Still less consistent with them was his proposal, strongly urged at the conclusion of the war, to treat the Confederate States as a conquered country. The policy of our government at that time seemed to estrange Sumner from his well-beloved England; but after the subjugation of the South he once more visited our country, "and passed the last night before sailing on his return with John Bright at Rochdale, when he spoke with admiration of England and of her public men, and with much tenderness of the many friends he counted

among her well-known names" (ii, p. 341). The estrangement, therefore, was only temporary.

It is difficult to part with our subject without making a comparison between Sumner and the only other American orator and statesman who was as well known in England — Daniel Webster. In point of oratory, Sumner must yield the palm to Webster. Webster in his massive logic, his simple language, and his power resembled Fox, Bishop Wilberforce, and Bright. Sumner's style was too diffuse, too ornate. He weakened his argument by the length to which he drew it out, and his speeches were overlaid by illustrations and quotations. His later style illustrated the deteriorated taste in oratory of his countrymen. But as a statesman, and in moral character, Sumner stood high above Webster. Those who remember Theodore Parker's scathing exposure of Webster's tortuous and sinister career as regards slavery, which he delivered in his "Oration on the Death of Daniel Webster," and contrast it with Sumner's statesmanlike foresight of the consequences of the aggressions of the slave-owners, and the unflinching resistance he offered to them, will agree in the judgment we have ventured to pronounce on the relative merits of these two great Americans.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXVII.

THE ASPIRANT TO THE LIVING.

THE visitors at Dorneck were so well entertained that they prolonged their stay. In the morning the company dispersed to walk in the park, ramble over the hills, or row upon the Rhine, while in the afternoon all once more assembled, and unless prevented by visitors made excursions to different parts of the neighborhood.

They ascended the Drachenfels, and gazed in delight at the beautiful landscape beneath, visited and admired the ruins of Heisterbach, or spent the afternoon at Godesberg on the other side of the Rhine, which at this season was full of visitors.

Old Countess Ingolstein, however, still gathered her little circle around her as before. Her age debarred her from sharing long walks, and as the guests were not inclined to consider the old lady's tastes, the members of the household, though with many secret sighs, undertook the duty of entertaining her. Sidonie was always one of the party, although she did not contribute to the general amusement as much as before, for she was usually grave and silent; but as, ever since the reception at court, she had complained of not feeling well, her manner did not attract any special notice from the others. Elmar alone watched her more closely, and redoubled his attentions to the beautiful girl, although any unprejudiced person would have perceived that they were only the expression of brotherly sympathy and affection.

The princess, who did not possess this want of prejudice, was still more enraged against her cousin, and her constant presence by no means increased the comfort of the little party. She was ever ready to contradict Sidonie, showed an utter want of consideration for Countess Ingolstein, and only the quiet, stern manner of the mistress of the house awed her sufficiently to keep her partially within bounds.

One day, when the little party was assembled on the veranda, Katharina suddenly said, "Do you know, Elmar, I have decided to give Herr Reinhardt the living at Altenborn."

All eyes were fixed upon the speaker in astonishment, and Elmar not only seemed extremely amazed, but even indignant, for he answered almost sharply, —

"Then the parish of Altenborn may congratulate itself that your decision is fortunately a matter of no consequence."

The princess flushed crimson. "You talk very inconsiderately and unwisely, Elmar. My ancestors built and endowed both church and living, and retained the right to appoint the pastor."

"Quite true, Katharina. I know that, but I am not aware that *you* have the right to dispose of the living of Altenborn."

The princess's flashing eyes wandered restlessly around; her lips quivered, and she would undoubtedly have poured forth a torrent of furious words, had she not chanced to meet the eyes of the mistress of the house, who was gazing steadily and gravely at her. As if controlled by some magnetic power, her restless glances remained fixed by the stern look, and then timidly sought the ground.

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

"Your pretensions are rather absurd, my dear Katharina," said the countess's clear voice; "have you really never learned, amid the sorrowful experiences of your life, that in an open struggle we women never gain the victory? After a little reflection, your good sense will undoubtedly tell you that this is the least probable way of inducing your brother to gratify your whim—for I can give your wish no other name."

"My nature is perfectly frank," murmured Katharina with repressed anger. "I don't understand the arts of other women, and have no desire to comprehend them."

"Then you do very wrong, my dear, and it is a pity that you have gained so little experience from your misfortunes. You unfortunately constantly endeavor to justify your former husband's acts to every one."

Countess Ingolstein, as well as all present, listened to these stern words with mingled alarm and surprise, and dreaded Katharina's passionate answer; but on the contrary, her face assumed a guilty, sorrowful expression, and she murmured in an undertone: "You are very harsh to me, aunt."

"I am sure it will now be my turn for a lecture," said Elmar, to put an end to the painful scene. "True, I confess I deserve it, for I ought to have laughed at Katharina instead of getting angry with her, but nevertheless I shall be cowardly enough to run away."

He rose and strolled slowly into the park. Countess Ingolstein took advantage of the involuntary pause which his departure made in the conversation, to get possession of her favorite subject, and it soon ran on in its former channel. The princess, who at first had seemed silent and depressed, gradually recovered and took her usual share in it, though her contribution to the general amusement rendered the company rather uncomfortable, in consequence of her proneness to suddenly branch off from the subject under discussion. After the ladies, the immediate relatives—the dear aunts and cousins now wandering in the park or sailing on the Rhine—had been thoroughly discussed, those in the neighborhood took their turn.

"That dinner at Rheinau was remarkably ill-served," observed Countess Ingolstein. "Such things always betray the new nobility. I suppose there was not enough silver, and it had to be washed, which always causes an unpleasant delay."

"That could not have been the difficul-

ty," observed Olga; "I was in the silver-room with Rosa a short time ago, and the quantity really surprised me."

"It was simply owing to the ill-trained servants," said her mother somewhat sharply. "When people try to serve a dinner to forty people with only six servants, who, as I said before, do not even perfectly understand their business, it is not surprising if, though very *mauvais genre*, the guests are obliged to spend two hours at the table."

"Yet this is a proof of the ignorance of these people," replied the old countess, "for they are said to be so rich that a half-dozen servants more or less can make no difference to them. Little Rosa, however, is very pretty, and moreover very easy in her manners, and I think the parents want to use her as a lever by which to enroll themselves among the old families."

"Tell me, cousin," interposed Countess Rodenwald, "did you notice the remarkable dress that silly Countess Meinholdt wore? I really believe it was made of India pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Why, my dear cousin, how could I overlook such a toilette? Isabella resembled a walking sign, and yet she wore a pearl necklace of which a queen need not be ashamed. It is incomprehensible to me from whom she inherited her horrible taste; her mother always dressed well and like a woman of rank, and her grandmother on the father's side, the Princess von Strassfort, was celebrated for her tasteful costumes."

"You are mistaken, my dear aunt," interposed Katharina, "her grandmother on the father's side was a Handsrück."

"What, child, do you pretend to know more about Isabella Meinholdt's grandmother than I, who am distantly related to her through my brother-in-law Kronberg, whose brother married a sister of her sister-in-law?"

"But, my dear aunt, I assure you the countess has often spoken to me of her grandmother, I know all about it."

"This is a little too much!" said the old lady in a very excited tone. "It seems my mind is being weakened by age. Please hand me the '*Gotha*,' my dear Olga! Not there, child; there, close by you on the little side-table."

As Olga could not instantly find the important book, perhaps because instead of looking on the side-table, she was gazing out of the window, Erica started up and took advantage of the universal eagerness with which the verdict of the oracle was awaited, to glide out of doors.

She uttered a sigh of relief when she found herself safely concealed in one of the shady avenues of the park, and murmured laughing: "Does it really make much difference whether the wives of the forester and schoolmaster at Waldbad discuss their maidservants and their neighbor's silk dress, or whether countesses and princesses talk about liveried footmen and a lady's elegant costume; so far as I can see, people are very much alike everywhere, different as their outward adornments may be."

Erica walked hastily towards the stone balcony that overlooked the Rhine, and in her desire to reach the spot moved so rapidly, that it was perhaps want of breath that compelled her to stand still a few moments before reaching her goal, as if to collect her thoughts. Then, with some little effort, she continued her way, and entered the balcony, where Elmar was sitting on the stone balustrade with his feet on one of the benches, gazing so earnestly at the river that he did not perceive Erica's approach. She paused a moment to gain breath, and then went up to him. The rustle of her long dress on the stone floor was too loud to be unheard. He turned his head, and on seeing the young girl, sprang from his seat and advanced towards her, evidently not at all annoyed by the interruption, for his face was very bright as he cried gaily, —

"Ah! my little fairy! Has Katharina driven you away too, or was it only the family stories and the '*Gotha*'?"

"The latter put me to flight," replied Erica laughing, "but I only made it an excuse to myself for going away; I really wanted to see and speak to you."

Elmar's face was not quite so bright, though he answered in an equally gay tone: "Since you tell me this so openly, *Fräulein Erica*, it means less than I hoped — or, rather, than I wished. Now let us sit down and hear what you have to say to me."

"Let us take your former seat; I like the balustrade better than the benches, and when I am sure Aunt Vally won't see me, even walk on it."

"But that is rather dangerous, my little fairy."

"And that is just what makes the charm. See how we can overlook the whole beautiful landscape. The green waves of the river seem formed of emeralds and sapphires. The sun casts dazzling gold and glittering diamonds over it. What queen can boast of such jewels?"

Elmar, with his usual quiet expression,

gazed earnestly into her face, and then said, "I have a dark foreboding, little heather-blossom, that you have nothing very pleasant to say to me, or you would not delay so long."

Erica blushed deeply, and seemed inclined to confirm his expectation, for she answered with forced gayety: "You need only refuse my request, if you do not like it."

"So you have a request to make. What wish could I gratify?"

"Have you really the sole right to dispose of the living of Altenborn?" The question came somewhat timidly, perhaps the young girl suspected the storm she was rousing. An expression of very unpleasant surprise flitted across Elmar's calm features; his brows contracted, his eyes flashed angrily, and he said in a far different tone from the one in which he had just spoken, —

"I hope you do not appear as Katharina's ally, and wish to propose that unlucky preacher as the pastor?"

"That is what is in my mind, certainly, but —"

"This is going rather too far, Erica!" and Elmar's agitation became so violent that he sprang to his feet and paced rapidly up and down the stone floor of the balcony.

Erica remained in her seat, gazing at the river. She had been somewhat prepared for such a reception of her proposal, and therefore was not much annoyed, and moreover had gradually become so well aware of the influence she exerted over Elmar, that she hoped to be able to calm him again. So she did not utter a syllable, but waited to see what her excited companion would do next.

The latter at last checked his hasty steps, paused before Erica, and said, still in an angry tone, —

"Who would have thought that the little woodland fairy would ever change into such a teasing sprite, that she actually imperils my far-famed composure?"

Erica bent towards the speaker and answered mischievously, "It is true, your composure has made a complete *fiasco*; what a terribly impetuous man you are, Elmar!"

It was the first time she had ever uttered his Christian name, and though the continual repetition of it by others must have rendered it only natural for her to do so, the word fell like oil on the troubled waves of Elmar's anger.

"I shall probably be compelled to think the wood fairy a little witch or enchantress.

"How else could you make me do whatever you please?" he whispered almost tenderly.

"For the present I see very few symptoms of any such state of affairs, Baron von Altenborn. I scarcely begin to timidly offer my petition, when you start up and rush about like a madman, and if I did not fall into the Rhine from fright, I owe it solely to the great presence of mind with which I instantly leaped towards the other side."

"Excellent, now you are joking too! But seriously, Erica, you cannot really ask me to make this young man pastor at Altenborn?"

"I am perfectly serious. I really wish it."

Elmar again found it necessary to pace up and down the pavement, but his steps were less hasty, and the walk was soon ended; he once more mounted his lofty seat, and took his place beside Erica.

"And what reason can you give for the wish, Erica?"

"A thousand instead of one, if you wish to hear them. In the first place, he is my foster-parents' nephew; secondly he has a mother and unmarried sister, whom he wishes to support; and thirdly, he is very anxious to have a parish."

"Your *protégé* is very peculiarly organized," replied Elmar. "Of a hundred theological students whom I have known, not one had this very strange wish, though to make amends, nearly all had poor relations whom they wished to support. So you see this cannot turn the scale in his favor, you must think of something else."

Erica, whose arguments were nearly exhausted, replied half pouting. "If that isn't enough for you, I can only say that he is a very good, clever young man."

"Who has proved himself a particularly excellent preacher, as we know."

"Only give him an opportunity to preach often, and you will soon say so with truth."

Elmar looked straight before him, without replying, then turned towards his companion and said slowly, "Remember, Erica, what I told you at our first meeting on this balcony. Unfortunately I now feel that I cannot carry out my self-imposed programme, and therefore am really unable to gratify your wish, for I fear and hate the young man."

Erica's eyes sparkled with mischief, as, bending towards Elmar, she replied, "Your hatred and fear must not deprive my good Reinhardt of his parish. You need

only look at him closely, to convince yourself how little ground there is for either."

"Really, Erica?" said Elmar in a tone which, contrasted with her manner, seemed very grave. "You will not deceive me, you do not love this man?" he continued earnestly.

She made no reply, but the brown eyes that met his with a frank, steady gaze, must have been a sufficient answer, for he asked no further questions, but looked into them with such an earnest, searching expression, that Erica blushed and turned away. Then he took her hand, raised it to his lips, and would probably, very much in opposition to his programme it is true, have made a passionate declaration of his love, if Werner had not come up.

The latter paused in some little surprise at the sight of the young pair perched on the high balustrade, and then said smiling, "You have certainly selected, if not the most comfortable, the most conspicuous position in the neighborhood; you can be plainly seen even from the other shore."

"Then I wish, my dear Werner, you had selected that perspective to gaze at us. Neither would I have the slightest objection to your strolling under those tropical plants that fill our boxes, if, at this moment, a walk absolutely is indispensable to you."

"I am sorry I cannot gratify your friendly wish, Elmar, but you must endure my presence this time, I have something very important to say to you."

"Then I must go," said Erica, rising; "but what hope will you give to take with me?"

"Why, I am no Amureth, Erica, and have little taste for the rôle of tyrant. Reinhardt must, however, please the parish before I can appoint him to the living, so you can tell him to prepare his trial sermon, for I know you are burning with anxiety to impart the joyful news."

"Certainly; for it is happiness itself to make another happy," said Erica, and took leave of the gentlemen to turn into the path that led to the parsonage.

Werner and Elmar, on the contrary, paced up and down the shady avenue, the former talking eagerly and earnestly to his companion. Fortunately this time there was no listener, and when the two men approached the castle, Werner said,—

"So you will grant my request, Elmar?"

"Of course, Werner; but I cannot tell you how entirely against my wishes the whole affair has resulted. Pardon me, but for a clever man you have really acted with remarkable stupidity, since —"

"I have said all that to myself often

enough, but now neither regret nor lamentations will avail. I am sorry for my speedy departure, for the countess's sake; dark days will come, and I would gladly have aided her; she is daily winning greater esteem from me."

"Esteem, my dear Werner, is everywhere offered to her; but it seems to me that she often longs for a warmer feeling, which is everywhere withheld."

"It requires close observation of this lady to penetrate her nature so far. Beneath the apparently cold exterior, which duty and perhaps temperament form, throbs a warm, loving heart. I know she passionately loves her husband, and that this love is the source of unspeakable sorrow, the more so as she feels ashamed of it, not only in the presence of others, but even before her own heart."

"Werner, what an assertion!"

"Do not misunderstand me, Elmar; she is not ashamed of her husband's person — although sometimes her feeling borders upon it — but of her unanswered love. She knows how completely all affection has died out of the heart of the man of her choice, and at the same time realizes with deep sorrow that it is impossible for her to obtain this affection, which can only be gained by the ruin of her family. Her duty, which she performs with inexorable sternness, always compels her to thwart him in his fancies, and she fulfils it with a heroism that wins my sincere admiration."

"What a lofty, noble spirit must dwell in this woman, that amid this constant conflict of feeling, her heart has neither been hardened, nor her temper embittered. She has a sharp glance, and a warm interest for each of those who are connected with her, in the widest sense of the word, and if she makes great demands upon all who surround her, she has a right to do so, for she never asks more than she returns in twofold measure. Sidonie and Ottomar were hitherto the only sympathetic natures with whom she could maintain the loving intercourse so grateful to her, but which she is obliged to almost entirely renounce. Strongly as my reason favors the alliance, my heart was painfully affected, when, a short time ago, I perceived that Ottomar loves the beautiful Rosa Steinfurt more than he believes, and therefore sorrow is awaiting his mother from this quarter also. As for Sidonie —"

"You have torn Sidonie from her, Werner; for the secret of her love for you will form a gulf between them which, I fear, will never be filled."

"On the contrary, I hope the countess will exert a favorable influence upon Sidonie in this respect. If only we could remove this vampyre that clings so closely to the count that our united strength is unable to dislodge him — But hush, there come some of the guests. It is fortunate that our subject was nearly exhausted."

When, a short time after, conversation in the family circle turned upon Elmar's consent to allow young Reinhardt to preach a trial sermon, the old countess sternly censured his weakness, and prophesied increased demands on Katharina's part. The master of the house, who chanced to be present, took sides with the young baron, saying, —

"Ah, ah! most honored cousin, it's all very well for you to talk so, but we unlucky men are all henpecked, and the more quietly we bear our fate, the more sensibly we shall behave. To be sure, it is ridiculous enough that one wretched sermon has helped a student to the expectation of an excellent living, and I congratulate Katharina on her strong nerves, for even now I feel my knees tremble whenever I think of the anxiety that unlucky sermon caused me."

XXVIII.

THE INTRIGUE.

MEANTIME Herr von Wehlen had not lost sight of his plans. He watched both Sidonie and Werner very closely, in order to find some point where he could fasten the threads with which he intended to weave a net for their destruction; but to his vexation as well as surprise there was not the slightest apparent understanding between them. The marble-like countenance of the young countess did not betray the slightest emotion at the sight of the secretary, her eyes did not linger on him for a moment, nor was the latter guilty of even a passing glance at her.

Wehlen might almost have believed that he had only dreamed of the passionate scene in the garden, and he would probably have yielded to this conviction, if he had ever been guilty of dreaming. But he was only too well persuaded that he had been wide awake, and, as time pressed — for the departure of the guests was close at hand — he found himself compelled to take a more active, and as he could not conceal from himself, somewhat more dangerous course than he had originally intended.

At dinner, to which Wehlen had re-

ceived a standing invitation from the master of the house, his seat was almost directly opposite Werner's, and therefore, without attracting attention, he could narrowly observe him. Without any quickened throbbing of the heart, for he was no novice in such matters, but with the excitement a gambler feels who is not quite sure of the chances of his play, Wehlen saw his opposite neighbor take his seat to-day.

Werner seemed absent-minded, as if his thoughts were elsewhere, and Wehlen feared he would pull off with his napkin the note which he had slyly slipped into his plate, and thus overlook it.

Werner, however, as he raised his napkin, plainly saw the dainty little missive that lay beneath, and strangely enough, showed no surprise, for he took it up quietly, and seemed about to open and read it with equal calmness, when his eye fell upon the seal. It was a sphinx, the device Sidonie used on the little notes not sent by mail, and when Werner once more glanced hastily at the direction of the letter, he recognized Sidonie's hand.

For an instant he gazed at the note as if trying to understand the affair, then, without breaking the seal, thrust it into his pocket, and cast a searching glance at the young countess, whose pale, weary face looked specially wan to-day. He received no responsive look, but she must have instinctively felt that his attention was attracted towards her, for a sudden flush crimsoned her face, at the sight of which Werner averted his eyes and commenced a careless conversation with his next neighbor. The keen observer opposite, however, could only too clearly perceive his restlessness and excitement, calm as he forced himself to appear.

When the party rose from the table, Wehlen detained him in a long conversation, discussed the most indifferent matters, and at last casually mentioned Sidonie. He thought her so very pale that he could not understand the absence of anxiety on the part of the family, and said he had already called Count Rodenwald's attention to it and begged him to consult a doctor, but the old gentleman laughed, and replied that young girls always looked pale when they were in love, and that was probably the case with his beautiful niece. Prince Eduard, however, was such a devoted slave to the young lady, that one could scarcely believe any heart-sorrow was paling her cheeks. Wehlen then spoke of many other things — to Werner's great annoyance, as he per-

ceived with unspeakable delight — and at last released his victim.

On escaping from his companion's torrent of eloquence, Werner instantly hurried to his room, locked the door, drew the letter from his pocket, and examined it attentively in every direction. It was undoubtedly addressed in Sidonie's hand, and sealed with her seal, so he stood before a mystery which seemed so sweet that he hesitated to open the note, and thereby perhaps destroy his illusions. At last he conquered his reluctance, broke the seal, and read the following lines, —

"If Herr Werner is self-sacrificing enough to renounce his own feelings in order unselfishly to give his aid where he was so deeply wounded, let him be on the balcony overlooking the Rhine at eight o'clock this evening. There he will be told what is expected, besought from him, and his generosity affords a sure hope that he will make every effort to free a lady from bonds forged by too short-sighted care, and which have now become unendurable fetters that threaten to destroy the happiness of a whole life. This appeal is made to his honor, as well as his magnanimity, and the proof of esteem afforded by this letter will perhaps assist in healing wounds, whose infliction was demanded by the most inexorable necessity."

The note fell from Werner's hand, his agitated face assumed a grave, troubled expression, which gradually became more and more gloomy. "What does this mean? From whence does it come?" he murmured. "Who can know of our meeting, and wish to use it for his own purpose in such a way? I scarcely believed my own eyes when I recognized Sidonie's hand, and it is expected that I should ascribe this bungling performance to her. No, Sidonie. Whatever I have done, I would never insult you so deeply, even if the contents of this note did not make it senseless. If it should be intended for my mystification, and some one wants to play a very unsuitable trick upon me, the author might not find the matter quite so free from danger as he supposes.

"Could Fritz have a hand in the affair?" he continued. "He looked laughingly at me several times — but what folly! When did the boy ever give me occasion to suspect him of such a lack of delicacy? And yet, who can it be, and for what purpose was it written? Sidonie's hand has been admirably imitated, which makes the affair still more culpable; and suppose the intention was not merely to

deceive me, suppose the same snare was laid for Sidonie — might not the writer forge my hand equally well?"

For a moment Werner's features assumed an expression of alarm, nay, actual horror, but his agitation instantly passed away, and he said, with a little laugh, "What a foolish anxiety! — how can I fear for Sidonie? She will only hate and despise me a little more for my apparent presumption; and I — I shall not be permitted to vindicate himself, for how can I offend her pride so mortally as to acknowledge that she was watched?"

"But," and the speaker's expression again altered, and grew dark and threatening, "in this case a malicious trick, instead of an indelicate joke, has been attempted, and if so no other is the author of the letter than that rascally adventurer, who finds me in his way and would fain remove me from it at any cost. He would think any means justifiable, and though I cannot understand how he learned anything about this unfortunate business, I am almost sure he wrote the note.

"The cunning intriguer commits the error, on which such people are usually wrecked; he probably thought to do justice to a young lady's tenderness of feeling by the phrases 'self-sacrifice and magnanimity.' Here, however, the demon of chance, which usually favors scoundrels, thwarts him, for he could not possibly know how thoroughly I understand those relations — But we will go to the balcony at eight o'clock this evening, and watch the farther development of the affair. That is the only way of getting any light upon the subject."

He carefully locked the note in his desk, and then left his room to go in search of Fritz, whom he found on the shore of the Rhine, just about to go out rowing.

"Will you delay your excursion a moment, Fritz, and listen to two words from me?" asked Werner.

"I'll hear a hundred, if you desire, my dear Werner. I am even ready to take you in my boat, and assure you that, in spite of the sweet burden, I'll row rapidly up the stream, although Erica persists in the ridiculous assertion that she understands the use of oars better than I."

"Fräulein Erica has robbed Countess Sidonie of an admirer," said Werner smiling.

"Not at all. I still acknowledge myself Sidonie's ardent adorer; but Erica is a friend, in a certain sense a comrade, who is daily becoming more indispensable to

me. I really don't know how we could have gone through mamma's training without each other's assistance, but by mutual help and support we fare very well."

"I was going to ask you something, Fritz. If you have time, come to the stone balcony at eight o'clock this evening; I will have a surprise for you."

"Excellent, Werner, I won't fail you! And with what are you going to surprise, me?"

"That of course I must not tell, Fritz; but bring Fräulein Erica, Lolo, and the governess with you, they must all share it."

"The 'children,' in the narrowest sense of the term. Very well, Werner, we will all come."

"And be punctual, if you please; don't forget, Fritz, eight o'clock!"

"Unfortunately, I have no chronometer, Werner, but I think our venerable old clock in the corridor will be exact enough for you. Well, I see you won't come with me, so farewell until we meet at eight o'clock on the balcony."

Light clouds, which covered the sun and gave the atmosphere the hue we Germans call *gris jour*, had melted away towards evening, and the sovereign of heaven appeared in the full splendor of his beauty, poured molten gold on the trees and bushes in the park, threw dazzling lines of light on the grass, and transformed the fountain in the pond into a radiant, flashing shower of gems.

Many visitors had arrived during the afternoon, and therefore the family remained at home. The young people had played their favorite games on the lawn before the castle, while their elders sat on the veranda and enjoyed the fresh air. Some of the gentlemen had retired to the rooms occupied by the master of the house, to engage, under Herr von Wehlen's prudent direction, in card-playing, which lasted longer than usual, for Count Rodenwald, after tea, invited his friends to renew the game, thus compelling his wife to invite all the guests to supper. In this way Count Generode, who was one of the visitors, really obtained the gratification of being permitted to sup at Dorneck.

Herr von Wehlen, in trying to entertain the company, had entered into the game too eagerly not to feel a slight sense of weariness; he rose, pleaded a headache, and went out into the open air. His eyes wandered over the assembled company a moment, then he turned to the mistress of the house. "I don't see Countess Sidonie here; she looked very pale at dinner, is she ill?"

"She has unfortunately been compelled to remain in her room this afternoon, on account of indisposition," replied the countess; while Katharina, who sat beside her aunt, said scornfully, —

"Queen Sidonie makes her appearance more and more rarely; as Prince Eduard is not among the guests to-day, her Majesty doesn't think it worth while to favor us with her presence."

"The countess looked so pale that your satire can scarcely be deserved, your Highness," Wehlen cunningly interposed to prevent Countess Rodenwald's reply. "But," he continued turning to the latter, "will not your guests take a walk in the park this beautiful evening? The air is so delightful that it seems almost sinful not to enjoy its freshness."

"It is almost too dark for a walk," observed the countess, "the evenings close in very early. Autumn is beginning to make itself felt."

"Oh! this twilight will last a long time; that is a matter in which our temperate zone is more favored than tropical countries, where day and night almost clasp hands."

The speaker looked significantly at the princess, and bit his lips, when the latter took no notice of it, but let her wandering eyes roam everywhere except towards him. At last, perceiving that all his efforts to attract her attention were vain, he appeared without ceremony, and offering her his arm, said politely, —

"I am the most humble slave of your wishes, your Highness, where would you like to turn your steps?" and whispering a hasty "come" to the astonished princess, he led her from the veranda. Example is contagious, as is proved not only by the theory of the bell-wether, but also by the universal desire for water, which the sight of a glass of this precious fluid arouses in a whole company. Thus the first couple were soon followed by others, until at last the movement was communicated to the entire party. Even old Countess Ingolstein was infected by the universal departure, and, leaning on Olga's arm, slowly followed the long procession, thus compelling Count Generode to join in the duty of entertaining her.

Wehlen had endeavored to divert Katharina's mind from his arbitrary conduct by constant talking and jesting. He was not yet sufficiently sure of her to make her his confidante, and moreover feared that, in her haste, she might betray the secret. The way to the balcony overlooking the Rhine was tolerably long, and Wehlen repeatedly

glanced at his watch to convince himself that he was not too late. He dared not, under any circumstances, leave the young couple too long alone, as an explanation would undoubtedly take place which might thwart his plans. He had the more reason to fear this, as he had himself doubted whether Sidonie could be lured to the spot by Werner's name. "She loves him, but she intends to marry Prince Eduard," he said to himself, "and therefore will beware of committing a folly." So he had put forward the prince, hoping that her love for the secretary would prove strong enough to induce her to listen to him, and thus sufficiently enter into the part assigned her.

Meantime Fritz and his little party, in order to be in time, had reached the appointed spot long before eight o'clock. They sat down, enjoyed the fresh air, and gazed at the slowly darkening sky. The low dip of oars echoed faintly from the Rhine, or the refrain of a song was borne softly from the distance, while the crickets chirped close by, and the shrill, sharp cry of a water bird sometimes interrupted the sweet stillness. The little party gradually relapsed into silence, and gave themselves up entirely to the delightful emotions aroused by the beautiful evening.

At last Werner arrived, and sitting down beside Fritz, said in a jesting tone: "Your punctuality is worthy of all praise, and I suppose you are very curious about the promised surprise."

"To tell the truth, I am not, Herr Werner," replied Erica; "the evening is so pleasant, the air from the Rhine so delicious, that I feel sufficiently repaid for the walk, and will cheerfully renounce any surprise."

"So much the better, Fräulein Erica, for, to be equally truthful, I am very doubtful about the result of my expectations."

At this moment there was a loud report, and the same instant a glittering shaft of fire rose into the air, illuminating the balcony and its occupants with a light as bright as day, and distinctly revealing, a few paces from them, the first couple of the procession of pedestrians, while the remainder of the company were only distinguishable as a confused, gay throng.

"So it proves to be fireworks, Werner?" cried Fritz.

"So it seems," replied Werner quietly, and then rose to approach the princess and offer her his seat. At the first sight of the group on the balcony, Wehlen had lost his composure for a moment, but instantly collected his thoughts to conceal his hu-

miliation. He politely led the princess to the best place, and then, turning to the company, said in a somewhat loud voice, —

"I am glad my manœuvre has succeeded so well, and you reached here exactly at the right moment. Baron Sonnenstein, to whom we owe the pleasure of these fireworks, will, I hope, acknowledge my deserts in the perfect success of his surprise."

"I?" asked the young baron in unutterable astonishment. "I?" he repeated again, as if one expression of his amazement were not sufficient, and he might perhaps have uttered a third 'I,' if Wehlen had not whispered angrily: "Hush! and don't betray how utterly incapable you are of inventing such impromptus!"

Once more a fiery ball rose into the air, and again the little party was brightly illuminated; then hissing crimson wheels revolved, while glittering stars rose above them to linger a moment in space, and then vanish as suddenly as they had appeared. Bengal lights illuminated the banks of the river for a long distance, making every object glow in blue, green, yellow, or red lights, and fiery serpents darted over the dark water and seemed to vanish in its depths.

The company attentively watched the beautiful spectacle, and bestowed special applause on the magical illumination produced by the Bengal lights, which invested the beautiful country with a strange charm. When the whole exhibition ended with a magnificent closing effect, every one crowded around Herr von Sonnenstein to thank him for his beautiful surprise, and the young man accepted these thanks very cheerfully and joyously. To be sure, it was not without alarm that he thought of the new notes which awaited him—as Herr von Wehlen had proved himself, though very ingenious, anything but economical—while Count Generode, on the contrary, once more sighed over his income, which unfortunately would not permit him to give such surprises.

All thronged so eagerly around Sonnenstein, that no one took any notice of the real author, Wehlen; and he was modest enough to think this neglect very agreeable. Werner was the only exception, he approached him and said, —

"I will not, like the others, offer my thanks to the wrong person; for such a mistake would be the more unpardonable on my part, as I am the only individual who is aware that your kind wish to assist in entertaining the company was far more

comprehensive in design than it has unfortunately proved in execution."

Werner's voice, which had at first seemed perfectly calm, became more and more passionate, and as he was compelled to speak in a low tone, the fierce hate it expressed sounded more menacing than would have been the case had he uttered the words in the loudest key.

Herr von Wehlen's attempt to make an unconstrained reply was a total failure. True, he forced himself to express a quiet, and to the humble secretary, even half contemptuous surprise at his strange, incomprehensible remarks, but his voice also trembled with hatred and passion, and gave the lie to his words. When, in addition to the previous display, a fiery sheaf of wheat suddenly rose into the air, both saw each other's flashing eyes distinctly enough to know that it was war to the knife between them.

On the road home Countess Ingolstein found another support than Olga's arm, but Count Generode only fared the worse. The young lady had summoned Herr von Sonnenstein to her side, for she thought a little appreciative attention absolutely necessary, after such a prettily arranged surprise. The young man was so enraptured by this rare mark of favor, that at the moment he would gladly have paid every one of Wehlen's notes, and seriously reflected whether it would not be possible to have fireworks often at Dorneck.

Meantime Count Generode soon had his attention claimed in another direction. Werner, who with Elmar and Ottomar had lingered a little behind, engaged in earnest conversation, suddenly called him to make a fourth in the party; and in spite of the increasing darkness, the gentlemen sat down on some of the numerous benches placed in various parts of the park, and whispered together so earnestly that they were almost too late to supper, in consequence of which Count Generode had the mortification of seeing Olga go to the table on Sonnenstein's arm.

Wehlen cast a searching glance at the quartette of gentlemen when they entered the dining-room, but their faces could not have inspired him with any anxiety, for during the remainder of the evening he troubled himself no more about them. After supper Count Generode politely approached him, and after a few complimentary remarks about the admirably arranged fireworks, asked why he so rarely, indeed never, came to Bonn.

Wehlen looked at him with a glance not unlike the one a bird-catcher casts at

the bird fluttering into his net, and then answered that he was naturally disposed to remain at home, and knew the gentlemen there so little, that hitherto he had not thought of visiting them more frequently.

The young count made him a few friendly reproaches and then took leave, expressing a hope that he should soon see him in Bonn.

Before Werner retired to his room, after the household had dispersed, he again went out into the park and gazed from one to another of the long row of windows in the castle. Lights flashed from all the guest-chambers, and when he looked at the corner room, which he knew was Sidonie's chamber, and now used also as her sitting-room, he saw a bright light there also. It was too brilliant to proceed from a night-lamp burning in an invalid's room, so he could be sure that Sidonie was still awake, and had not yet retired.

His supposition soon became a certainty, for he saw her approach the window, open it, and lean out. He stood motionless under the trees, to avoid being discovered, and perceived her several times turn back into the room and then come once more to the window, until she at last closed it and drew down the curtain. The restlessness her movements distinctly betrayed he naturally attributed to the letter she had probably received in his name, and bitterly thought how hateful, how despicable, he must appear to her, and how the gulf that parted them must now be still wider.

Although he would probably have felt the same sympathy for Sidonie, he would have experienced less uneasiness in regard to himself, if he could have cast a glance at the letter the young girl had just crushed in her hand. As if under the influence of some magic spell, she had been forced to read the hated lines again and again, only to have her anger aroused afresh, and when she now threw the note on the floor and set her foot upon it, she had scarcely crossed the narrow space twice, ere she again raised it and approached the light. But just as she was about to burn it, she hastily withdrew her hand, murmuring,—

"I must taste my humiliation again, impress every word on my memory, in order to preserve myself forever from all arrogance. She opened the crushed paper, smoothed it, and read:—

"How shall I make Countess Sidonie a

strange request, a request absolutely indispensable to the happiness of my whole life, without rendering myself miserable by arousing her displeasure? At least she will believe my solemn assurance, that if any other course were open to me I would choose it, rather than appear before her with a petition which may easily do me measureless harm.

"The happiness of my whole life depends—I will explain the strange chain of circumstances in person—upon seeing you to-day, and yet I am unable to reach Dorneck until the evening. But how am I to account for the late hour of my visit, above all, how am I to find an opportunity to speak to you alone about things which are a matter of life and death to me?

"Will Countess Sidonie take into consideration this strange combination of circumstances? Will she, with noble generosity, meet me at eight o'clock this evening on the balcony that overlooks the Rhine? Will she have sufficient confidence and regard for me to risk this step, and thus secure the happiness of my life? At our meeting I will explain the absolute necessity for my bold request, and thus purchase forgiveness for my presumption. If, however, this opportunity is not afforded me, no other course is left, except, with a breaking heart, to bid you in these lines farewell forever, for you will never again be approached by
EDUARD."

When Sidonie had finished reading the letter, she again approached the lamp and let the sheet slowly consume to ashes. "And I really bestowed my favor on this man; I believed in his love," she murmured. "I was almost ready to give him my hand, if not my heart." She faltered, and then threw herself passionately into the nearest chair. "Humiliated on every side, deceived, misunderstood, betrayed by all!" she exclaimed sobbing. "What have I done to deserve so much degradation?"

She again started up, and once more paced up and down the room. "How can this prince dare to try to lure me to him by the bait of such a palpable falsehood? Me! Sidonie! Did he rely most upon female curiosity, or the fear of losing him to draw me into his net? And his manner was so quiet, so deferential, so—But that is the way with all, all! It is a mere outside mask, and those are fools who trust to appearances."

"I have done with this prince," she continued a little more calmly; "I will verify his own words and never see him again.

He is just like all the rest. I long to get away from this deceitful world, to rest and solitude. I could not understand before how people could renounce society and shut themselves up in a convent, and now this asylum seems so sweet that I deeply regret I cannot fly to it. To lead a holy life of calm contemplation, behind high walls, safe from the outside world, protected from one's self, undisturbed by the tumult of passion that rages in our hearts and brains, must be an unspeakably happy fate.

"And is every way to that life barred to me? Can I not at least enter a convent, and——" Sidonie suddenly paused and pressed her hand to her brow. "How could that idea so entirely escape my mind?" she said slowly. "The successor to the late abbess of Herdrungen is found! What my guardian asked in jest I will answer in earnest. I will indeed assert the rights of my house, and the walls of the old cloister shall close around me forever. The burning sense of humiliation, anguish, unutterable sorrow, will not enter there, and I shall have rest from the gnawing pain of unspeakable torment."

Sidonie's last words were suffocated by sobs, she threw herself into a chair, covered her eyes with her hands, and gave free course to her tears. At last, exhausted by weeping, she felt the need of rest, sought her couch, and soon fell into a restless, broken slumber.

XXIX.

THE FLIGHT.

RAPIDLY and pleasantly as time passed away in Dorneck, the guests were at last obliged to think of departing, and thus by degrees the castle became more empty, the party assembled at dinner smaller. Elmar delayed his leave-taking longest of all, and with him of course Katharina, but as old Countess Ingolstein intended to pay a visit to her dear cousin, the Baroness von Altenborn—all the old lady's relatives were "dear"—and therefore wished to travel with the brother and sister, the former, who at last feared she might prove a burden to the dear relatives she was now visiting, begged them to go.

Katharina seemed to have entirely relinquished her desire to obtain Erica for her companion, eagerly as she had pressed it at the commencement of her stay, and Erica was very happy to be relieved from the unpleasant situation of constantly refusing an apparently kind request.

She became much more frank and un-

constrained, and therefore more winning in her manner, which to Katharina had formerly been somewhat formal, stiff, and even repellent.

Little sympathy as Elmar usually had with Wehlen, he seemed to agree with him in one thing, that the stone balcony was an excellent place for a private interview. On the last day of his stay at Dorneck, he whispered to Erica a petition to meet him there, that they might talk to each other once more without restraint before their long separation. Erica looked at him in surprise, but did not seem offended by the request, for her face assumed a very mischievous expression.

"I must take the liberty of calling your attention to the rules of etiquette, of which you are usually so severe a judge," she replied. "What would Aunt Vally, what would you yourself say, if I should grant such a request from any other young man?"

"I am I, Erica!" said Elmar laughing. "Have you never yet tried to measure the fathomless depths of this eternal truth, that you make me such a reply? Besides, little heather-blossom, this time I am perfectly right in not placing myself on the same level with other people where you are concerned. Our relations are exceptional, I consider myself partly as a father, partly a brother, partly a—well, in a word, I should certainly shoot any young man who dared to treat you as I do."

"Then it is really fortunate that nobody else has so much audacity. But in spite of the exceptional relations, I shall not grant your request."

"Then you will only induce me to come back the more quickly, in order to tell you what I cannot say to-day. Your continued refusal will therefore make me suppose that you eagerly desire my return."

"I shall be supported under the false suspicion by the thought that I shall not only deserve thanks from my relatives, but especially from the princess, who will thus have another pleasant journey."

"You have become a brazen coquette, little woodland fairy, as I have already told you, and I really don't know where this will yet lead us."

The interruption of others broke off the conversation, and Elmar made no farther attempt to persuade Erica to grant him an interview.

The following morning the whole party assembled on the stone balcony to await the arrival of the steamer from Cologne, by which the travellers were going to Coblenz, from whence they would drive the

few remaining miles in carriages. Old Countess Ingolstein was very much agitated; her advanced age made the farewell seem as if it might easily be an eternal one, and as she had a kind, affectionate heart, the thought made her eyes fill with tears.

All her relatives were touched by the sincere love the old lady showed, and forgot the little weaknesses from which they had suffered, to remember the many excellent qualities she possessed. Even Erica lost all memory of the tiresome family histories and the "*Gotha*," and bent forward with tears in her eyes to press the farewell kiss on her hand, upon which the old lady clasped her in her arms, and kissed her with a mother's affection.

The princess's leave-taking was less touching; on the contrary, her manner was cold and absent-minded. The beautiful, restless eyes had so much occupation in looking at the passing boats to distinguish the people in them, so much interest in trying to discover the tardy steamer, that they could take little heed of those around her. Besides, she was out of humor; Elmar had again been inconsiderate, and resolutely refused to have the Princess Bagadoff's coming announced on the steamboat. She would gladly have paid for the salute from the flag, which would have been the result of this announcement, by a generous present to the sailors. She placed special value on this salute to-day, when her aristocratic aunt, the "countess," spite of her family pride, could make no claim to the distinction, and she would thus have been brought forward as the principal personage in the party.

Katharina had even thought of carrying out her wish against her brother's will, but she knew him too well not to be aware that in such a case he would undoubtedly remain behind and leave her to continue her journey alone.

"I never sail under false colors," he had said during the discussion, to her great indignation, "and if you insist upon using your title in this way, I shall go in another boat. If you don't fear the laughter of society—which is only too well acquainted with the high rank of the Princess Bagadoff—you can at least bear it alone, I will not expose myself to it."

So the princess appeared out of humor and absent-minded, and formed a striking contrast to the heartfelt cordiality of the old lady. Elmar, whose grave face harmonized more with the latter, talked long and earnestly to Werner, who had also appeared on the balcony, and then found

an opportunity to whisper to Erica, as he had done at their first parting. "I will soon come back, Erica, and," he added somewhat incomprehensibly, "I will not be idle in my absence."

At last the videttes, who had been posted at some distance, came hurrying up with the news that the belated steamer was in sight, and the whole party went down the steps, where the travellers entered the boat waiting for them, and those left behind looked after the rocking skiff as it moved directly towards the snorting monster of a huge ship, which for a moment threatened to crush it. But the immense wheels only turned with a threatening noise without moving forward, until the steamer had received its passengers, when it resumed its course with redoubled speed. The departing guests, as well as the friends left behind, waved their handkerchiefs until the boat gradually disappeared, and the family then ascended the steps and turned towards home.

In spite of the large family circle, the party who gathered around the dinner-table seemed small, conversation did not flow readily, a sort of oppression appeared to rest on all. Was it the absence of the relatives, the ill-humor of the master of the house, which was very apparent, or Sidonie's pale face, that produced this burdensome silence? No one could account for it; they only felt the presence of some disturbing influence, and were glad that the countess rose from the table earlier than usual.

It is an old law of nature that festivals must be atoned for by the dull reaction of the commonplace days that follow, and this rule asserted itself even at Dorneck. True, it was very comfortable to have the old freedom from restraint once more, but it cost some little effort before it was regained, before much that had been neglected during this period could be retrieved. Besides, the people residing in the vicinity had been so generous in their visits of late, that a short pause now ensued, and the family was usually alone in the afternoon; a fact that was felt the more on account of the rainy weather, which prevented any excursions to the beautiful spots in the vicinity.

The master of the house, who had so often sighed over the constraint imposed by old Countess Ingolstein's presence, seemed by no means relieved by her departure. He was very often out of humor, and perhaps this was the cause which induced Herr von Wehlen to frequently spend his afternoons in Bonn, instead of

Dorneck. The count was not the only person who missed the entertaining companion, for Olga—who hitherto had not seemed to value his conversation—suddenly showed a deep interest in him. Her eyes rested earnestly on his face when he entered the room, and she understood how to arrange matters so as to secure a few minutes' conversation with him, unheard by the others, but these whispered words did not seem to make her very cheerful, for she constantly grew more grave and quiet.

Even the countess, whose manner usually seemed so calm, showed a certain degree of anxiety. Her eyes sometimes rested so earnestly on the count's face, that the others noticed it, and then—contrary to her usual habit—she hastily averted them with a half-embarrassed air, if her husband, noticing the observation, cast an indignant glance at her. The uneasiness she felt in regard to her husband had even induced her to question his valet about his health and movements, and this was so unusual an occurrence that Johann could not help giving vent to his overflowing heart in the servants' hall, from whence it reached the kitchen, where all put their heads together and whispered about the strange state of affairs, which must portend a gloomy future.

The countess's anxiety, however, was not solely on her husband's account. Sidonie also claimed her sympathy. The young girl's pallor increased to such a remarkable degree, that her aunt, in spite of all objections, sent for the doctor. The latter, it is true, did not consider her indisposition serious, but prescribed change of air and amusement; though he might have known that there had probably been little lack of the latter. At the same time the countess received a very unexpected light upon the probable cause of Sidonie's illness, by her declaration that Prince Wolfenhagen had deeply insulted her, and was the more unpleasantly surprised, as Sidonie also stated that, under no circumstances, would she see the prince again.

The young man's attentions had become so marked that the countess daily expected his proposal for Sidonie's hand. He had lingered many months in Bonn without any apparent object, except to make use of its convenient vicinity to pay frequent visits to Dorneck. To be sure he had put forward the attraction of interesting philosophical lectures as a pretext for his long stay; but his irregular attendance on these interesting discussions did not

seem to exactly warrant the supposition that he remained in Bonn "to study." Besides, the vacations had now begun, philosophy was resting, and its students were refreshing their eyes and hearts with the sight of the Swiss mountains, or the southern tints of upper Italy, but Prince Eduard remained in Bonn as before.

Willingly as Sidonie had at first received the young man's eager attentions, winning and gracious as she had been, a certain coldness had lately appeared in her manner which affected him very painfully, and had undoubtedly been the cause of the delay in his proposal. The countess had clearly perceived this, and, as she considered the match desirable in every respect, endeavored to change Sidonie's conduct. In so doing, however, she had met with far greater opposition than she expected, nay, than seemed intelligible, and—what grieved her still more—was forced to feel that Sidonie, whose heart had hitherto been perfectly open before her, did not now bestow her entire confidence.

The countess was too wise not to be aware that confidence cannot be forced, and tokens of irritated sensibility are least likely to obtain it. She had therefore appeared not to notice Sidonie's reserve, and contented herself with watching her carefully in secret. Sidonie's passionate declaration that she would never see the prince again, seemed to indicate some fault on his part, and she believed that she had here found the clue to the young girl's former coldness. At the same time, her agitation, her imploring entreaty to be spared any explanation of the cause of her decision, seemed to plainly betray love.

With this idea, the countess received with a half smile Sidonie's declaration that she intended to claim the right of her family in regard to the appointment of the abbess of the convent of Herdrungen, on her own behalf. She did not oppose her decision, but reminded her that a resolution which is to affect the whole life should not be hastily made, that it required due reflection, and she must also have some consideration for the world and its remarks upon this very extraordinary step. Sidonie, who had been prepared for grave rebukes, perhaps even mockery, was surprised, nay touched, by her aunt's gentle, quiet manner, and as she could not permit herself the happiness of relieving her full heart by entire confidence, threw herself into the arms of her second mother and gave free course to her tears.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THERE are four cities in the world that belong to the whole world rather than to any one nation, cities that have influenced the whole world, or round which its history has at one time or another revolved, cities in which students and philosophers from every country are equally interested. These four are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Constantinople. The first has given to civilized mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her language, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. And though Constantinople can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, though her name does not command our veneration like Jerusalem, nor our admiring gratitude like Athens, nor our awe like Rome, she has preserved, and seems destined to retain, an influence and importance which they have in great measure lost. They belong mainly to the past: she is still a power in the present, and may be a mighty factor in the future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of empire, and for an even longer period the emporium of a commerce, to which the events of our own time seem destined to give a growing magnitude. To set before you anything like an adequate account of a city interesting in so many different ways, physically, historically, architecturally, socially, politically, would require not one lecture, but a big book — so you will understand that I cannot attempt more to-night than to touch on a few points which may help you to realize a little better what Constantinople is really like, what is the sort of impression it makes on a traveller, what are the feelings with which he treads its streets pondering over the past and speculating on the future. Anything that helps to give substance and vitality to the vague conception one forms of a place which one has been reading and hearing about all his life may be of some use, especially at this moment, when we are told that we ought to fight for Constantinople, and may any morning be informed that our own fleet has gone to anchor under its walls. Before I speak of its history, or attempt to describe its present aspect and characterize the men that inhabit it, let me try to give you some notion of its geographical situation, and of the wonderful

advantages for strategical and commercial purposes which that situation confers upon it.

If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable, and indeed unique, position Constantinople occupies. It is on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus it commands at once two seas and two continents. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of southern Russia, as well as that of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighboring countries are opened up by railways it will be the centre from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and Asia Minor. With a foot, so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from the one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait — to the north-east the Bosphorus, and to the south-west the Dardanelles — each of which can, by the erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. For the Bosphorus, as you probably know, is fifteen miles long, with bold rocky hills on either side, and a channel which is not only winding but is nowhere over two miles and in some places scarcely half a mile wide. And it possesses a splendid harbor, land-locked, tideless, and with water deep enough to float the largest vessels. On the land side it is scarcely less defensible, being covered by an almost continuous line of hills, lakes, and marshes, with a comparatively narrow passage through them, which offers great advantages for the erection of fortifications. There is no other such site in the world for an imperial city. In other respects it is equally fortunate. Of its beauty I shall say something presently. Although the climate is very hot in summer, and pretty keen in winter, it is agreeable, for the air is kept deliciously fresh by the seldom failing breezes that blow down from the Euxine or up from the Ægean Sea, and the sea itself is a great purifier. Though there is no tide there is a swift surface current sweeping down into the Sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean, a current at one point so strong that boats have to be towed up along the shore, which

* A lecture delivered in Aberdeen on January 3rd, 1878, with some additions.

carries off whatever is thrown into the water. So, though it is one of the dirtiest towns in the East, I fancy it is one of the most healthy.

You may easily believe that such an attractive site was not left long unoccupied. In the year 667 B.C., not a hundred years after the foundation of Rome, and about the time when King Esarhaddon was attacking Manasseh, son of Hezekiah, at Jerusalem, some Greeks from Megara, a little city between Athens and Corinth, came sailing up into these scarcely explored seas, and settled on this tempting point of land, where they built a city, which they called Byzantium, and surrounded it with walls to keep off the wild tribes of the Thracian mainland. They were not, however, the first settlers in the neighborhood, for seventeen years before another band of Greeks, also from Megara, had established themselves on a promontory opposite, on the Asiatic side of the strait, and founded the town of Chalcedon, which still remains there, and is now called Kadikeui. It was a standing joke among the ancients that the people who took the site of Chalcedon when they might have taken that of Byzantium must have been blind: so the story went, that when the Megarians asked the oracle of Apollo at Delphi where they should send a colony to, the oracle bid them fix themselves opposite the blind men; when, therefore, on sailing up this way, they saw a town planted opposite this so far superior spot, they concluded that its inhabitants must be the blind men whom Apollo meant, and established themselves here accordingly.

The city soon grew and thrived, not only because it was well placed for trade, but on account of the shoals of fish—a fish called pelamys, which has been conjectured to be a kind of tunny—that used to come down from the Black Sea, and which were attracted into the harbor by the stream of fine fresh water which flowed into the upper end of it. Whether the fresh water brought down insects or other tiny creatures on which the fish fed, or whether it caused the growth of beds of seaweed which served as pasture, is not clear, but at any rate it was the stream that lured in the fish, and the fish that made the fortune of the place. For the Byzantines drove a roaring trade in these fish—the name of Golden Horn, which the harbor still bears, is said to be derived from the wealth they drew from this source. They also raised a large revenue by levying a tax on the corn-ships that passed out through the straits from

southern Russia; for that region, then called Scythia, had already become, as it is now, one of the greatest grain-producing countries in the world. With this command of a main artery of trade, Byzantium had grown by the time of Herodotus to be a considerable place, whose possession or alliance was thenceforward very valuable to the great powers that disputed the control of these countries. Having submitted, like other Greek cities of that region, to the Persians, it recovered its independence after the defeat of Xerxes, and became a member of the Athenian confederacy, till the Athenian power was in its turn overthrown. In the days of Philip of Macedon, it was again an ally of Athens, and stood a famous siege from that prince, a siege whose happy issue was due to the energy with which Demosthenes pressed the Athenians to send succor to it when it was on the point of yielding. It is related that during this siege a bright light in the form of a crescent was seen in the sky, and accepted by the Byzantines as a sign of deliverance; and that after Philip's repulse, they took the crescent to be the device of the city, which it continued to be till the Turkish conquest. Some hold that this is the origin of the Crescent as the Ottoman badge.* Many another attack it had to resist, both before and after it submitted to the dominion of Rome. But whatever misfortune might befall it at the hands of enemies, it always recovered its wealth and consequence. The inhabitants are described as a race of well-to-do, luxurious people, much given to good eating and drinking, since they had abundance of fish, and the neighboring country produced excellent wine. It was a story against them that when a Byzantine officer ought to be at his post on the walls, he was generally to be found in a cook-shop or tavern. In A.D. 330, Constantine the Great, who had then become sole emperor at Rome, determined to found a new capital, which would be a better centre of defence for the part of his empire which seemed most threatened by the barbarians of the north, and made choice of Constantinople as the spot. His practised military eye saw its wonderful strength, which had enabled it to resist him for some time in his great war with the emperor Licinius, and every traveller had long admired its advantages for commerce. Besides, he had just embraced Christian-

* There is, however, some evidence that the Seljukian Turks had used the Crescent long before; and it has been suggested that they borrowed it from the Chinese.

ity, and as Rome was full of the majestic monuments of paganism, he thought that the new religion would rise faster and flourish more freely in a clear field, where it would not be confronted or corrupted by the passions and prejudices of the past. He called it New Rome, but his court and people called it the city of Constantine; and the name of Constantinople at once superseded that of Byzantium.

Under his hands it sprung at once into greatness. The old Greek colony had occupied only the extreme point of the peninsula between the port and the Sea of Marmora: the new city filled the whole of it, covering almost the same area as Stamboul* does now; and was probably built a good deal more densely, since a considerable part of that area is now wasted in gardens or ruins. He brought some distinguished families from Rome, and allured settlers from all quarters by the offer of privileges and exemptions: as the seat of government it attracted many more, so that the population had risen in a century from his time to more than two hundred thousand. Immense sums were spent in the erection of palaces, law-courts, churches, and other public buildings; and the cities of the Ægean were ransacked to furnish masterpieces of Grecian art to enable its market-places and porticoes to rival those of Italian Rome. One such work of art has survived till our own day, and may still be seen in what was the hippodrome or race-course of the city. It is a brazen column, consisting of three twisted serpents, which was brought from Delphi, where it supported the tripod which the victorious Greeks dedicated to Apollo after the great Persian War. The tripod has long since vanished, and the serpents have suffered much—one of them had its lower jaw smitten off by the mace of Mohammed II., and all have lost their heads—but the venerable relic—probably the most remarkable relic that the world possesses—still keeps its place, and may perhaps witness as many vicissitudes of fortune in the future as it has done in the three and twenty centuries that have passed since it was set up in the Pythian shrine.

From A.D. 330 to A.D. 1453, Constantinople was the capital of the Roman Empire of the East; and its history may almost be called the history of that empire. It had many a siege to stand, some-

times in civil wars, sometimes from barbarian enemies like the Persians, who encamped for three years over against it at Scutari, or the Arabs in their first flush of conquering energy, or the Russians, who came across the Black Sea in huge flotillas. All these foes it repelled, only to fall at last before those who ought to have proved its friends, the French and Venetian Crusaders, who in A.D. 1204 turned aside hither from their expedition to Palestine to attack it. They drove out the Eastern emperor, and set up a Frank in his place. They sacked the city, and wrought more ruin in a few days than all previous enemies had done in as many centuries. The Eastern Empire never recovered this cruel blow; and though after a while these Franks were expelled, and a native prince again (1261 A.D.) sat on the throne of Constantine, his territory was now too small, and the organization of the State too much shattered to enable any effective resistance to be offered to the progress of the terrible foe who advanced first from Asia Minor, then on the side of Europe also. In A.D. 1453 the Turks took Constantinople, and extinguished the Eastern Empire. At that time Constantinople was sadly shorn of its glories. The public buildings had fallen to decay; war and poverty had reduced the population to about one hundred thousand, and these inhabitants had so little martial spirit that the defence of the city had to be intrusted to Western mercenaries. Of this scanty population the majority were slain or led captives by the conquerors, so that Mohammed II. found it necessary to repeople his prize by gathering immigrants from all quarters, just as Constantine had done eleven hundred years before. Small indeed can therefore be the strain of old Byzantine blood that runs in the veins of the modern people of Constantinople. Mohammed transferred his government hither from Adrianople, and since his day this has been the centre of Ottoman dominion and a sacred city, hardly less sacred than Jerusalem or even Mecca, to the Mohammedan world.

One word, before we part from old Constantinople, on the mission which was intrusted to her during the long ages that lay between Constantine the Great, her founder, and Constantine Palæologus XVI., her last Christian sovereign. While the rest of Europe was plunged in barbarism and ignorance, she preserved, like an ark amid the far-spreading waters, the treasures of ancient thought and learning. Most of the Greek manuscripts we

* Stamboul (said to be a corruption of *εὐς τὴν πόλιν*) though often used as a name for Constantinople generally, denotes properly the old city between the inlet called the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, as opposed to Galata and Pera.

now possess, and some of the most valuable Latin ones, were stored up in her libraries, and ultimately scattered from her over the Western countries. A succession of writers maintained, though no doubt in a lifeless way, the traditions of Greek style, and composed chronicles which are almost our only source of knowledge for the history of these borderlands of Europe and Asia. And the light which still burned within her walls was diffused over the Slavonic peoples of the Danube and the Dneiper valleys. She was the instructress of the Slavs, just as Italy was the instructress of the Teutons and the Celts, sending out missionaries, giving them their alphabets, and, in the intervals of the struggle she had to maintain against them, imparting to them some rudiments of civilization. And the services she rendered in this way have been too much forgotten by those who have been struck, as every student must be struck, between the theological and political stagnation of her people, and the powerful intellectual life which even in the Dark Ages had begun to stir among the new nations of western and northern Europe.

What remained of literature, art, and thought expired, it need hardly be said, with the Turkish conquest. From then, till now, the history of Constantinople is a tedious record of palace assassinations and intrigues. Not even a gleam of the literary radiance which surrounds the Mohammedan courts of Bagdad, Cordova, and Delhi ever fell upon the Seraglio of Constantinople. Some of the Turkish sultans, such as Mohammed II. and Suleiman the Magnificent, were undoubtedly great men; but their greatness seldom expanded itself in any of the arts of peace, and in the city there is nothing to remember them by except their tombs and the mosques that bear their names.

Let me now attempt — having tried to show you how the city has grown, and what are the different national influences, Greek, Roman, and Asiatic, that have acted on it and played their part in giving it its strangely mingled character — to present to you some notion of its structure and aspect. It consists of three main divisions. First there is the old city, the city of Constantine, which the Turks now call Stamboul, lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, and narrowing down to a point of land, the point which was the site of the first Megarian colony, and which marks the entrance from the sea into the long strait

of the Bosphorus. Secondly, over against Stamboul, on the other side of the Golden Horn, is Galata — called probably from the Galatæ or Gauls (Galatians) who had occupied neighboring regions of Asia Minor not long after the time of Alexander the Great, and some of whom had apparently settled here — a long, low, dirty district running along the water's edge, and full of Greek sailors and bad smells. It was a mere suburb in Roman times, and bore the name of Sycæ (the fig-trees). In the Middle Ages it became the seat of a fortress colony of the Genoese, who carried on a great trade in these seas, and had their forts and trading factories all round the Euxine. Here they built a majestic tower nearly half way up the slope of the hill, from whose top one of the finest panoramic views of the city may be enjoyed. Behind and above Galata, rising up the steep hill, is the quarter called Pera, where Europeans of the better sort live, and all the European shops are to be found. Here, on the hill-top, stand the palaces of the ambassadors, among which, appropriately enough, our own and that of the German envoy are the most conspicuous, tall piles that look big enough to hold an army. Both these quarters are in Europe, and from them a long suburb meanders along the European shores of the Bosphorus, forming a line of villages with villas and gardens between, that stretches some eight or nine miles to Therapia. The third and last division is in Asia, on the further side of the Bosphorus, opposite both Stamboul and Galata; it consists of a series of towns, the chief of which is Scutari, forming an almost continuous mass of houses along the shore, and virtually a part of the great city, though separated by more than a mile of water, water which is sometimes so rough that the steamers cannot cross.

You may judge from looking at the map what a singular city this must be with the sea running through it in all directions, not merely in canals like those of Venice or Rotterdam, but forming great broad inlets whose water is intensely bright and clear, as well as deep to the very edge. It is as if you had a city built on both sides of the Kyles of Bute, at the point where one of the long sea lochs (Loch Riddon or Loch Striven) comes down into the main channel. Stockholm and New York are the only other great cities that can be compared with it in this respect; but Stockholm, though beautiful in its way, is on a comparatively small scale, while in New York man has done his utmost to

spoil nature, and nature herself has done infinitely less than at Constantinople. Let me try to tell you what nature has done for Constantinople. She has given it the bluest and clearest sea that can be imagined, and vaulted over it the most exquisitely bright yet tender sky, full of a delicious light that would be dazzling if it were not so soft. She has drawn the contour of the shores and hills as if with an artist's hand, the sweeping reaches of the Bosphorus, the graceful curve of the Golden Horn, the soft slope of the olive-clad heights behind Scutari, the sharp, bold outline of the rocky isles that rise from the surface of the Sea of Marmora; and far away on the south-eastern horizon she has raised into heaven the noble summit of the Mysian Olympus, whose snows blush rose red under the morning sun. The sea seems to pervade everything: turn which way you will it meets you, till you get confused among its winding arms. Its glittering bosom is covered with vessels of every size and style, from the long dark ugly ironclads, which the late sultan bought from the Clyde and Tyne ship-builders with borrowed money, to the sprightly feluccas and other odd little craft rigged in a fashion our language has no names for. During the day its surface is seldom calm, for there is usually a breeze blowing, and when this breeze comes up from the south-west and meets the strong current running down from the Black Sea, it raises in a moment short sharp waves, a kind of chopping sea that makes the small boats vanish. The nights, however, are often still and serene, and then under the brilliant moon the city seems to lie engirt by a flood of molten silver.

From the shore, lined with masts, the hills rise almost everywhere steeply, bearing on their side and tops the town, or rather these three towns, looking across at one another, which I have endeavored to describe. The houses are mostly of glittering white, densely packed together, but interrupted every here and there by a grove of tall dark-green cypresses. Such an ancient grove almost covers one side of the hill of Pera, overshadowing a large cemetery called the Field of the Dead. The Turks say that the smell of the cypress and the resin it exudes destroy the miasma of a graveyard. At any rate their sombre hue and stiff outline harmonize well with the ruinous tombs that lie scattered round their trunks; for in Turkey the graves are not inclosed, and the stone once stuck into the ground is left

neglected to totter or fall. Out of the mass of white walls and red roofs rise the vast domes of the mosques, and beside or round each mosque, two or four, or even six slender minarets, tall, needle-like towers of marble, with a small open gallery running round the outside, whence, four times a day, the shrill cry of the man who calls the faithful to prayer is heard over the hum of the crowd below. The houses in Stamboul itself are seldom over two or three stories high, and often of wood, sometimes whitewashed, sometimes painted red or yellow, and generally rickety and flimsy-looking. In Pera and the suburbs one finds substantial mansions and villas, but these mostly belong to well-to-do Christian merchants. There are few public buildings besides the mosques to be seen, for the old palaces have been burned — Constantinople is a terrible place for fires — and as for the new ones, of which there are more than enough, they are mostly long, low structures in the modern French or Italian style upon the edge of the Bosphorus. Sultan Abdul Aziz spent millions upon these erections; in fact, the loans made since the Crimean war were nearly entirely sunk in these and in his men-of-war. They tell a story of one of the prettiest of them, that he built it at an enormous cost as a place to go to for coffee in the afternoon. When it was finished he went, and finding himself with a headache next morning, took a disgust to it, and never entered it afterwards. This is what personal government comes to in the East. As for the ordinary ornaments of European capitals — museums, picture-galleries, theatres, libraries, universities, and so forth — they don't exist at all. The administration cares for none of such things, and has hardly even supplied itself with respectable public offices (except the ministry of war, which is a large place with the air of a barrack, deforming the finest site in Stamboul); and private enterprise has produced nothing more than two or three wretched little places of amusement for the Franks and Greeks of Pera. Nowhere is there a church to be discovered. Half the inhabitants are Christians, and most of them devout Christians according to their lights; but the Muslim population, who are the object of our protecting care, are still intolerant enough to be irritated by the sight of a place of Christian worship. So the churches are all (except the English church in Pera) comparatively small and obscure, hidden away in corners where they don't catch the eye. The ancient churches have been nearly all

turned into mosques or suffered to fall to ruin, so that little material remains for the student of mediæval architecture. In fact, one may get a better notion of Byzantine art at Ravenna alone than in the whole territories of the later Eastern Empire.

People are always saying that the inside of Constantinople dispels the illusions which the view of it from the sea or the neighboring hills has produced. But those who say so, if they are not merely repeating the commonplaces of their guide-book, can have no eye for the picturesque. I grant that the interior is very dirty and irregular and tumble-down, that smells offend the nose, and loud harsh cries the ear. But then, it is so wonderfully strange and curious and complex, full of such bits of color, such varieties of human life, such far-reaching associations from the past, that whatever an inhabitant may desire, a visitor at least would not willingly see anything improved or cleared away. The streets are crooked and narrow, climbing up steep hills, or winding along the bays of the shore, sometimes lined with open booths, in which stolid old Turks sit cross-legged sleepily smoking, sometimes among piles of gorgeous fruit, which even to behold is a feast, while sometimes they are hemmed in by high windowless walls and crossed by heavy arches, places where you think robbers must be lurking. Then, again, you emerge from one of these gloomy cavities upon an open space — there are no squares, but irregular open spaces — and see such a group of gaily-painted houses, with walnut or plane trees growing round them, as one finds on the Bay of Naples. Or you come to a side street, and, looking down the vista, catch a glimpse of a garden full of luxuriant vines and rosy pomegranates, and beyond it the bright blue waves dancing in the sunlight. Now and then one finds some grand old piece of Roman ruin — an arch or a cistern, or the foundations of some forgotten church, whose solidity mocks the flimsy modern houses that surround it — and is carried back in thought a thousand years, to the time when those courses of fine masonry were laid by the best architects of Europe. Not that there are many considerable ruins, for in this respect Constantinople contrasts markedly with her Italian rival. The reason of this is doubtless to be sought not merely in the superior grandeur of Roman buildings, but also in the fact that while in Rome the old city on and around the Palatine, Aventine, and Cælian hills was deserted in the Middle Ages for the flats of the Campus Mar-

tius, the site of the ancient city has here been continuously inhabited, each age constructing its dwellings out of the materials which former ages had left. In another point, too, one is struck by the contrast between these ruins and those of Rome. Constantinople has absolutely nothing to show from pagan times. Though Byzantium was nearly as old as Rome, the city of Constantine is the true creation of the first Christian emperor, and possesses not a relic of paganism, except the twisted serpents from Delphi and an Egyptian obelisk planted near them in the hippodrome.

There are no shops in the streets of Stamboul proper, for nearly everything, except food, is sold in the bazaar, which is an enormous square building, consisting of a labyrinth of long covered arcades, in which the dealers sit in their stalls with their wares piled up round them. It is all locked up at sunset. You may buy most things in it, but the visitor is chiefly attracted by the rugs and carpets from Persia, Anatolia, and Kurdistan, the silks of Broussa, and the stores of old armor (real and false) from everywhere. Purchasing is no easy matter, for a stranger is asked thrice the value of the goods, and unless he is content to be cheated both by the dealer and his own cicerone interpreter (who of course receives a secret commission from the vendor), he must spend hours and hours in bargaining. Business is slack on Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) and on Saturday (since many of the dealers are Jews), as well as on Sunday. It is conducted under another difficulty, which drives the visitor almost wild — that of a multiplicity of "circulating mediums." There is a Turkish metallic currency, and a paper currency, greatly depreciated, besides all sorts of coins of other nations constantly turning up, among which the Indian rupee is one of the commonest; and you have to make a separate bargain as to the value at which the coins you happen to have in your pocket will be taken. Hotel lodging, and indeed almost everything, is very dear: for Western books you pay half as much again as in London or Paris. There is little sign of a police in the streets, and nothing done either to pave or clean them. Few are passable for carriages, and the Turks leave everything to time and chance. The only scavengers are the vultures, which may sometimes be seen hovering about in the clear sky, and the dogs, of which there is a vast multitude in the city. Though you must have often heard of these dogs, the

tradition which obliges every one who talks about Constantinople to mention them is too well established to be disregarded. Nobody owns them or feeds them, though each dog mostly inhabits the same quarter or street; and, in fact, is chased away or slain if he ventures into the territory of his neighbors. They are ill-favored brutes, mostly of a brown or yellowish hue, and are very much in the way as one walks about. At night they are a serious difficulty, for the streets are not lighted, and you not only stumble over them, but are sometimes, when you fall into one of the holes in the roadway, tumbled head foremost into a nest of them, whereupon a terrible snapping and barking ensues. However, they don't molest you unless you first attack them; and as canine madness is unknown, or nearly so among them, nobody need fear hydrophobia.

I have talked about streets from force of habit, but the truth is that there are very few streets, in our sense of the word, in any quarter of the city. It is a congeries of houses: some of them built, in proper Eastern style, round courtyards, some with doors and windows looking towards the public way, but very few arranged in regular lines. It has the air of having been built all anyhow, the houses stuck down as it might happen, and the people afterwards left to find their way through them. Even the so-called *Grande Rue* of Pera, which has some very handsome French shops, is in some places as steep as the side of Lochnagar, and in others as narrow as an Edinburgh wynd. It is a capital place to lose yourself in, for you never can see more than a few yards ahead, and the landmarks you resolve to find your way back by—a ruined house, for instance, or a plane-tree standing in the middle of the road—turn out to be as common as pillar letter-boxes in our own streets, so that you, in trusting to them, are more bewildered than ever. The Russians, one would think, must feel themselves sadly at sea in such a town, for in St. Petersburg nearly every street is straight, and some of the great streets run so far without the slightest curve (three miles at the least), that one literally cannot see to the end of them.

Perhaps the strangest thing of all is to have trains and tram-cars running through this wonderful old eastern mass of mosques, bazaars, graveyards, gardens, and ruins. There is now a line of railway, which, starting from the centre of the port, goes right round the outside of

the city, following the windings of the shore, away into the country. It does a large "omnibus traffic," stopping every three or four minutes like the Metropolitan Railway in London, and I should fancy is the only thing in Constantinople that pays its way; while a tramway, beginning near the same point, passes along the principal line of streets—indeed, almost the only line level enough for the purpose—as far as the northwestern gate. The cars are much like ours, built, I believe, in America; but they have the odd trick of always running several close one after another, so that you may wait an hour for one to overtake you, and then find three or four come up, going in the same direction, in five minutes' time.

Of the countless sights of Constantinople I shall mention to you three only, the walls, the Seraglio Palace, and the famous church—now a mosque—of St. Sophia. The walls may be traced all round the sea front as well as the land side of the city, but they are naturally strongest and highest on the land side, where they run across the neck of the peninsula from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. And here they are indeed splendid—a double (in some places triple) line of ramparts with a deep moat outside, built of alternate courses of stone and brick, and guarded by grand old towers, the finest group of which (called the Seven Towers) stands at the sea end, and was long used as a state prison. In several places they are ruinous, and there the ivy and other climbing plants have half filled the gaps, and clothed the glowing red with a mantle of delicate green. Many are the marks on them of the sieges they have stood, of strokes from stones hurled by the catapult, and blows delivered by battering-rams, long before gunpowder was heard of. The effect of their noble proportions is increased by the perfect bareness and desolation of the country outside, where there is nothing like a suburb, in fact no houses whatsoever, but merely fields, or open ground, or groves of dismal cypresses. These ramparts were first built by Theodosius (for the line of Constantine's walls was further in), and repaired again and again since his time down to the fatal year 1453, when the Turks, under Mohammed II., took the city. Since then little has been done, except that the Turks have walled up a small gate, still shown to visitors, because there is a prophecy that through it a Christian army will one day re-enter and drive them back into Asia. The stranger probably agrees with the

Turk that the event predicted will happen, but doubts how far this simple device of theirs will delay it. It is a curious instance of their sluggish fatalism that they have not only allowed these walls to decay, which after all could be of little use against modern artillery, but that, when the present war began, they had done nothing to provide other defences, outlying forts and lines of earthworks, for the city on this its most exposed side. Indeed one is told that Sultan Abdul Medjid actually gave the walls as a present to his mother, that she might make something out of the sale of the materials; and they would soon have perished, had not the British ambassador interfered in the interests of the picturesque.

The Seraglio Point is the extreme end of the peninsula of Stamboul (*i.e.*, the old city proper, as opposed to Galata and Pera) where it meets the waves of the Sea of Marmora, looking down that sea to the west, and northeast up the Bosphorus towards the Euxine. Here a wall running across the peninsula severs this point from the rest of the town, and probably marks pretty nearly the site of the oldest Greek settlement. When Constantine founded his city he selected this district as the fittest for the imperial residence, since it was the most secluded and defensible, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on it there was built a large, rambling fortress palace, where the emperors dwelt, shrouding in its obscurity their indolence or their vices from the popular eye. After their fall it passed to the Turkish sultans, who kept their harem here, and from its walls the disgraced favorite was flung, sewn up, according to the approved fashion, in a sack, into the deep waters, whose current soon swept him or her away down to the open sea. No palace offers so great a temptation to crime, for in none could it be so well concealed and its victims so easily got rid of. Great part was consumed by fire more than thirty years ago, and has never been rebuilt; so most of this large area, which is still divided from the rest of the city by a high wall, remains a waste of ruins, heaps of rubbish with here a piece of solid old masonry, there a gaunt yellowish wall standing erect, while in the midst are groups of stone pines and tall, stiff, sombre cypresses, that seem as if mourning over this scene of silence and decay.

It is no inapt type of the modern Turkish empire, where no losses are repaired and forebodings of death gather thick around. And the spectator is reminded

of the Persian poet's lines which Mohammed II. is said to have repeated when, on the day of his conquest, he entered the deserted palace of the emperors, —

The spider weaves her web in the palace of the kings,
The owl hath sung her watch song from the towers of Afrasiab.

A part of the palace escaped the fire, and is still used, though not by the sultan himself; and in what is called the outer seraglio, close to the wall which divides it from the city, and immediately behind St. Sophia, there are two buildings of some interest. One is the Museum of Antiquities, a bare room, half open to a courtyard, in which there lie, heaped up over the floor, the monuments of Greek art which have been sent hither from the Greek isles and Asia Minor. Statues and fragments of statues, stones bearing inscriptions, pieces of pottery and glass, and a variety of other similar relics, have been thrown together here like so many skeletons in a burial-pit, uncleaned, uncatalogued, uncared for, sometimes without a mark to indicate whence they came. No government in Europe has had such opportunities for forming a collection of Greek art treasures, and this is the result. What it has cared for is seen when you take a few steps from this charnel-house of art and enter St. Irene, the Church of the Holy Peace, a beautiful bit of work in the best style of Byzantine architecture, which the Turks have turned into an armory. All down the nave and all along the walls rifles are stacked, swords and lances hung, while field cannon stand in the midst. The sanctuary of the divine peace teems with the weapons of war.

From whatever point you gaze upon the landscape of Constantinople this seraglio promontory, with its grove of lofty cypresses, seizes and holds the eye. It is the central point of the city, as it is also the centre of the city's history. Dynasties of tyrants have reigned in it for fifteen centuries, and wrought in it more deeds of cruelty and lust than any other spot on earth has seen.

St. Sophia, the third of the sights I have named, is one of the wonders of the world. It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times; for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater at Rome have been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a

dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was thirty years in building it (A.D. 538-568), from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's temple at Ephesus, and that of the sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered over all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters round the dome (one letter Alif is said to be thirty feet long), or on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognize, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs.

One of the most highly cultivated and widely travelled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe he felt when he entered St. Sophia that it far transcended them all, that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Ferguson, in his "History of Architecture," says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it than in St. Peter's itself.

The Mohammedan worship in this mosque, which they account very holy, is a striking sight. At the end of it next Mecca there is a sort of niche or recess, where they keep the Koran, called the Mihrab. Well, in front of the Mihrab, just like the Greek priest before his altar, stands the mollah or priest who is leading the devotions of the congregation, while

the worshippers themselves stand ranged down the body of the building in long parallel rows running across it, with an interval of several yards between each row. As the mollah recites the prayers in a loud, clear, harsh voice, the people follow, repeating the prayers aloud, and follow also every movement of his body, sometimes bending forward, then rising, then flinging themselves suddenly flat on the floor and knocking their foreheads repeatedly against it, then springing again to their feet, these evolutions being executed with a speed and precision like that of a company of soldiers. Occasionally the reading of a passage in the Koran is interposed, but there is no singing, and this is fortunate, for the music of the East is painfully monotonous and discordant. Women are of course not present at the public service; for that would shock Mohammedan ideas, and in some Mohammedan countries; women, like dogs, are rigidly excluded from the house of prayer, and may occasionally be seen performing their devotions outside. Here, in Stamboul, however, I repeatedly noticed groups of half-veiled women seated on the floor of a mosque when worship was not proceeding, sometimes gathered into a group which was listening to a mollah haranguing them. On one of these occasions I asked the cicerone who accompanied us what the mollah was saying. He listened for a moment, and replied, "Oh, just what our priests say, to mind their own business and not to get into scrapes" (*pas faire des bêtises*), which seems to imply that the exhortations of the clergy of all denominations are, in Constantinople, of a more definitely practical character than one was prepared to expect. Islam has been so hard upon women, that it is something to find them preached to at all. I may say in passing that, although St. Sophia is by far the most beautiful of the mosques, some of the others, built in imitation of its general design, are very grand, their towering cupolas supported by stupendous columns, and the broad expanse of the floor almost unbroken by the petty erections and bits of furniture and chairs which so often mar the effect of Latin and Eastern churches.

Few buildings in the world inspire more solemn or thrilling thoughts than this church of Justinian. It witnessed the coronations of the Byzantine emperors for nearly a thousand years; it witnessed the solemn mass by which the cardinal legate of the pope celebrated the union so long striven for, and so soon dissolved, of the

Greek and Latin Churches; and it witnessed the terrible death-scene of the Byzantine Empire. On the 29th of May, 1453, the sultan Mohammed II. marshalled his hosts for the last assault upon besieged Constantinople. The thunder of his cannon was heard over the doomed city, striking terror into its people, and, while the battle raged upon the walls, a vast crowd of priests, women, children, and old men gathered in St. Sophia, hoping that the sanctity of the place would be some protection if the worst befell, and praying the help of God and the saints in this awful hour. Before noon the walls were stormed. The emperor, who had fought like a true successor of Constantine, fell under a heap of slain, and the Turkish warriors burst into the city, and dashed like a roaring wave along the streets, driving the fugitive Greeks before them. Making straight for St. Sophia, they flung themselves upon the unresisting crowd; men were slaughtered—others, and with them the women and children, were bound with cords, and driven off in long files into captivity; the altars were despoiled, the pictures torn down, and before night fell every trace of Christianity that could be reached had been destroyed. They still show on one of the columns a mark which is said to have been made by the sultan's blood-smeared hand as he smote it in sign of possession, and shouted aloud, with a voice heard above the din, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Looking round this noble monument of Christian art, and thinking of that awful scene, it was impossible not to wish for the speedy advent of a day when the fierce faith of Arabia shall be driven out, and the voice of Christian worship be heard once more beneath this sounding dome.

Now, let me pass from the city to the people that dwell in it, and try to give you some notion of its vast and strangely mingled population. One of the most striking points about it is the sense of a teeming population which it gives. Standing on the top of the hill of Pera, you look down over a sea and port covered with vessels and boats, and see upon the amphitheatre of hills that rises from this blue mirror three huge masses of houses, straggling away along the shores in interminable suburbs, while the throng that streams across the bridge of boats (reminiscent of the "Vision of Mirza") is scarcely less than that which fills the great thoroughfares of London. Pass beyond

the walls, or climb the hill that hangs over Scutari, and the contrast is extraordinary. You look over a veritable wilderness, great stretches of open land, sometimes bare, sometimes covered with brushwood (for the big trees have been mostly cut down by the improvident people) with hardly a village or even a house to break the melancholy of the landscape. Much of this land is fertile, and was once covered with thriving homesteads, with olive-yards and vineyards, and happy autumn fields; but the blight of Turkish rule has passed over it like a scorching wind.

Constantinople is a city not of one nation but of many, and hardly more of one than of another. You cannot talk of Constantinopolitans as you talk of Londoners or Aberdonians, for there are none—that is to say, there is no people who can be described as being *par excellence* the people of the city, with a common character or habits or language. Nobody knows either the number of the population or the proportion which its various elements bear to one another; but one may guess roughly that the inhabitants are not less than eight or nine hundred thousand, and that of these about a half, some say rather over a half, are Mohammedans. This half lives mostly in Stamboul proper and in Scutari, while Pera, Galata, and Kadikœi (Chalcedon) are left to the Christians. Except the pashas, who have enriched themselves by extortion and corruption, and various officials or hangers-on upon the government, they are mostly poor people, many of them very poor, and also very lazy. A man need work but little in this climate, where one can get on without fire nearly all the year, with very little food and clothing, and even without a house, for you see a good many figures lying about at night in the open air, coiled up under an arch or in the corner of a courtyard. Plenty of them are ecclesiastics of some kind or other, and get their lodging and a little food at the mosques; plenty are mere beggars. The great bulk are, of course, ignorant and fanatical, dangerous when roused by their priests, though honest enough fellows when left alone, and in some ways more likable than the Christians. But the so-called upper class are extremely corrupt.

These richer folk have mostly dropped the picturesque old Turkish dress, and taken to French fashions. They wear cloth coats and trousers, retaining only the red fez, which is infinitely less becoming than a turban; smoke cigarettes, instead of pipes, and show a surprising aptitude for adding Western vices to their own stock,

which is pretty large, of Eastern ones. It is they that are the curse of the country. They have not even that virtue which the humbler Mussulmans have, of sobriety. With all their faults, the poor Turks, and especially the country people, are faithful observers of the precepts of the Koran, and you will see less drunkenness in the streets of Stamboul in a year than in Glasgow upon New Year's Day. Indeed, if you do see a drunken man at all, he is pretty sure to be a British or a Russian sailor. When I speak of Turks, I do not mean to imply that these Mohammedans of Stamboul have any Turkish (that is Turkman) blood in them, for they have probably about as much as there is of Norman blood in the population of London. They are as mongrel a race as can be found in the world — a mixture of all sorts of European and Asiatic peoples who have been converted to Islam, and recruited (down till recent times) by the constant kidnapping of Christian children and the import of slaves from all quarters. Their religion, however, gives them a unity which, so far as repulsion from their fellow-subjects goes, is a far stronger bond than any community of origin.

Nearly equal in numbers to the Mohammedans are the Turkish Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. Though I speak of them together, they have really little in common, for each cherishes its own form of faith, and they hate one another nearly as cordially as they all hate the Turks. The Armenians seem to be the most numerous (they are said to be two hundred thousand), and many of the wealthy merchants belong to this nation: the Bulgarians, however, are, according to the report of the American missionaries, who are perhaps the best authorities, really the most teachable and progressive. The Americans have got an excellent college on the Bosphorus, where they receive Christian children belonging to all the nationalities. Then, besides all these natives, one finds a motley crowd of strangers from the rest of Europe — Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, English. Thus there are altogether at least eight or nine nations moving about the streets of this wonderful city, eight or nine languages which you may constantly hear spoken by the people you pass, and five or six which appear on the shop fronts. Turkish, Greek, Armenian, French, and English are perhaps the commonest. Italian used to be the chief medium of intercourse between West Europeans and natives, but since the Cri-

mean war it has been largely superseded by French. Indeed the varnish of civilization which the influx of Europeans has spread over so many parts of the East everywhere is, or pretends to be, French. So here the music-halls and coffee-gardens of Pera, which are of a sufficiently sordid description, have a sort of third-rate Parisian air about them which is highly appreciated by the repulsive crowd that frequents them.

The best place to realize this strange mixture of nationalities is on the lower bridge of boats which connects Stamboul with Galata, and from which the little steamers run up and down the Bosphorus. There are two such bridges crossing the Golden Horn, both somewhat rickety. The pontoons to form a new one have been made for some years, and are now floating beside the lower one, in the waters of the harbor, but, owing to a dispute between the government and the Frank contractors, they have never been put together, and may probably lie rotting there for years to come, perhaps till some new government is established in Stamboul. It is a delightfully Turkish way of doing things. This lower bridge is also the wharf whence start the little steamers that run up the Bosphorus and across to Scutari and Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore. Stalls for the sale of food and trinkets almost block up its ends, and little Turkish newspapers, hardly bigger than a four-page tract, are sold upon it, containing such news as the Porte thinks proper to issue. Take your stand upon it, and you see streaming over it an endless crowd of every dress, tongue, and religion; fat old Turkish pashas lolling in their carriages, keen-faced, wily Greeks, swarthy Armenians, easily distinguished by their large noses, Albanians with prodigious sashes of purple silk tied round their waists, and glittering daggers and pistols stuck all over them, Italian sailors, wild-eyed soldiers from the mountains of Asia Minor, Circassian beauties peeping out of their carriages from behind their veils, and swarms of priests with red, white, or green turbans, the green distinguishing those who claim descent from the Prophet. All these races have nothing to unite them; no relations, except those of trade, with one another, no intermarriage, no common civic feeling, no common patriotism. In Constantinople there is neither municipal government nor public opinion. No-body knows what the sultan's ministers are doing, or what is happening at the scene of war. Everybody lives in a per-

petual vague dread of everybody else. The Turks believe that the Christians are conspiring with Russia to drive them out of Europe. The Christians believe that the Turks are only waiting for a signal to set upon and massacre them all. I thought these fears exaggerated; and though my friend and I were warned not to venture alone into St. Sophia, or through the Turkish quarters, we did both, and no man meddled with us. Indeed I wandered alone in the streets of Stamboul at night, and met no worse enemies than the sleeping dogs. But the alarms are quite real if the dangers are not; and one must never forget that in these countries a slight incident may provoke a massacre like that of Salonika. Imagine, if you can — you who live in a country where an occasional burglar is the worst that ever need be feared — a city where one-half of the inhabitants are hourly expecting to be murdered by the other half, where the Christian native tells you in a whisper that every Turk carries a dagger ready for use. It is this equipoise of races, this mutual jealousy and suspicion of the balanced elements, that makes it so difficult to frame a plan for the future disposal and government of the city. When, at some not very distant day, the Turk, or, as I should rather say, the sultan, disappears from Constantinople, who is there to put in his place? We are all, whatever our political sympathies, agreed in desiring that it should not fall into the hands of any great military or naval state. And, what is more to the purpose, the powers of Europe are so well agreed in their resolve to forbid that issue, that the danger of a permanent Russian occupation may be dismissed as chimerical. But who, then, is to have this incomparable prize, this arbitress of war and commerce? Neither Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Bulgarians, are numerous enough to be accepted as rulers by the other two races. The elements out of which municipal institutions ought to be formed are wanting; and though each of these three peoples is no doubt more hopeful and progressive than their Mohammedan neighbors, none of them has yet given indications of such a capacity for self-government as could entitle it to be intrusted with the difficult task of reorganizing the administration of a bankrupt country, of developing its resources, and maintaining order and justice.

Looking at the present state of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and their want of moral and social cohesion, one is disposed to think that organization, order,

reform, must in the first instance come from without, and that some kind of active intervention by the representatives of the European powers will be needed to set a going any local government, and to watch over it during the years of its childhood. And there is another reflection of some political consequence which forces itself strongly upon one who gazes over the majestic avenue of the Bosphorus, with the steamers and caïques plying across it. It is this. The two sides of this avenue must obey the same government. The notion of treating these two shores differently, because we call one of them Europe and the other Asia, is idle and impracticable. A strait so narrow as this is really, what Homer calls the Hellespont, a river; and rivers, so far from being, like mountain ranges, natural boundaries, link peoples together, and form the most powerful ties of social and commercial intercourse. You might as well have Liverpool in the hands of one sovereign and Birkenhead of another, as give Constantinople to a Greek or Armenian government, while leaving Scutari and Chalcedon to the sultan. Fancy custom-houses erected all along both shores, and every vessel visited, every passenger examined when he landed! Fancy a state of war, and hostile batteries firing across this mile or so of water, and destroying both cities at once!

Constantinople is not only a city that belongs to the world; it is in a way itself a miniature of the world. It is not so much a city as an immense *caravan-serai*, which belongs to nobody, but within whose walls everybody encamps, drawn by business or by pleasure, but forming no permanent ties, and not calling himself a citizen. It has three distinct histories — Greek, Roman, and Turkish. It is the product of a host of converging influences — influences some of which are still at work, making it different every year from what it was before. Religion, and all those customs which issue from religion, come to it from Arabia; civilization from Rome and the West; both are mingled in the dress of the people and the buildings where they live and worship. Races, manners, languages, even coins, from every part of the East and of Europe here cross one another and interweave themselves like the many-colored threads in the gorgeous fabric of an Eastern loom.

Seeing the misery which Turkish rule has brought upon these countries, it is impossible not to wish for its speedy extinction. Indeed I never met any Frank in the East who did not take the darkest

view of the Turks as a governing caste. Even the fire-eating advocates of "British interests" owned this. They insisted that the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire was so essential to ourselves that we must fight for the sultan's government at whatever cost to his unhappy subjects. But they frankly confessed that it was not only a bad government, but an irreclaimable government, which could only be improved by being practically superseded. Premising all this, I am bound in turn to admit that the dominance of Mohammedanism adds infinitely to the rich variety and imaginative interest of the capital. Rome without the pope is a sad falling off from the Rome of twenty years ago, and Constantinople without the sultan and all that the sultan implies will be a very different and a far less picturesque place, for it will want many of those contrasts which now strike so powerfully on the historical sense as well as on the outward eye. He, therefore, who wishes to draw the full enjoyment from this wonderful spot ought to go to it soon, before changes already in progress have had time to complete their vulgarizing work. Already chimney-stacks pollute the air, and the whistle of locomotives is heard; already the flowing robes of the East are vanishing before the monotony of Western broadcloth. Before many years mollahs and softas and dervishes may have slunk away; there may be local rates and boards of works, running long, straight streets through the labyrinth of lanes; a tubular bridge may span the Golden Horn, and lines of warehouses cover the melancholy wilds of Seraglio Point. Even the Turks have, of late years, destroyed much that can never be replaced; and any new master is sure to destroy or "restore" (which is the worst kind of destruction) most of what remains.

The rarest and most subtle charm of a city, as of a landscape or of a human face, is its idiosyncrasy, or (to speak somewhat fancifully) its expression, the indefinable effect it produces on you which makes you feel it to be different from all other cities you have seen before. The peculiarity of Constantinople is that, while no city has so marked a physical character, none has so strangely confusing and indeterminate a social one. It is nothing, because it is everything at once; because it mirrors, like the waters of its Golden Horn, the manners and faces of all the peoples who pass in and out of it. Such a city is a glorious possession, and no one can recall its associations or meditate on its future as

he gazes upon it lying spread before him in matchless beauty without a thrill of solemn emotion. And this emotion is heightened, not only by the sense of the contrast, here of all the world most striking, between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and the recollection of the terrible strife which enthroned Islam in the metropolis of the Eastern Church, but also by the knowledge that that strife is still being waged, and that the shores which lie beneath your eye are likely to witness struggles and changes in the future not less momentous than those of the past. It is this, after all, that gives their especial amplitude and grandeur to the associations of Constantinople. It combines that interest of the future which fires the traveller's imagination in America, with that interest of the past which touches him in Italy. Other famous cities have played their part, and the curtain has dropped upon them; empire, and commerce, religion, and letters, and art, have sought new seats. But the city of two continents must remain prosperous and great when St. Petersburg and Berlin may have become even as Augsburg or Toledo, and imperial Rome herself have shrunk to a museum of antiquities.

JAMES BRYCE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

It was the last day of December 1857 that the regiment of Sikh irregular cavalry with which I served during the mutiny in India was marching southwards from Meerut towards Futtehghur, in order to effect a junction with a strong force which was advancing in a northwesterly direction from Cawnpore. Our force had reached within ten miles or so of a small town named Bewah, where the old Grand Trunk Road branches off towards Futtehghur. The force under Lord Clyde, with which we were seeking to effect a junction, was known to be within some thirty-five or forty miles of us; but owing to the disturbed state of the country, it had been hitherto impossible to ascertain with any accuracy its precise position. Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, I was awakened from a sound sleep in my tent by the adjutant of my corps. He told me that I must get up at once, as news had come that a strong party of rebels had advanced to Bewah, and was now probably between our column and the one with which we were wishing to effect a junction.

tion; that there was good reason to believe that the rebels had surprised and cut off a picket of our own regiment, which had been sent out under an officer that morning; and that consequently an order had just been issued that another strong patrol or reconnoitring party was to start off at once, in order to ascertain the truth of these reports, if possible—to find out if any body of the enemy occupied the road in front of us; and to pick up generally what information it could. As I was the next officer for duty, it devolved upon me to take command of the party, which was to consist of about four-and-twenty men. Hastily ordering one of my horses to be saddled, I proceeded to make myself ready for a start. The supposed and also the possible whereabouts of the enemy were pointed out to me on a map of the district, and my instructions were clear and precise. I was to steal along the road to the front as quietly and cautiously as possible; to pick up any men of our own patrol whom I might fall in with; to avoid any engagement with the enemy, and to send or bring back exact information of his strength and position as soon as possible. After carefully loading a double-barrelled pistol which I carried, I proceeded to inspect the men and horses of my party, who were already drawn up in readiness a few yards from my tent. Finding them all satisfactorily equipped, I put myself at their head and we moved silently off. It was a serene, bright, and very cold night, and the moon was shining forth with that intensely clear brilliancy only seen in the tropics, as we passed down the main street of the camp, where the troops were sleeping quietly in their tents ranged on each side, and struck into the road along which our intended route lay. After proceeding for about a mile and a half, we approached the last outposts of the camp, and were sharply challenged by the sentries in succession as we passed. After a few minutes' conversation *en passant* with the infantry officer in command of the picket, I passed on. As I did so, I felt that I might very probably require to have all my wits about me in order to execute the task I was instructed to carry out. After taking all necessary precautions to avoid surprise, I made my men follow each other in single file on each side of the road, where the ground was soft, and where, therefore, the sounds of their horses' footfall was not audible, except at a few yards' distance. Advancing thus cautiously along, I proceeded with-

out seeing or hearing anything to indicate the presence of a rebel force for eight or nine miles. *En route* I passed through a couple of miserable villages, which appeared to be deserted, as there was not a soul to be found in them. Suddenly the native officer of the party which I had thrown out as scouts ahead, rode up to say that two men lay dead on the way about half a mile ahead, and that he had identified them as belonging to our patrol, which had been sent out in the morning, and of which nothing had since been heard. Giving orders to my party to follow on quietly, I galloped forward with the man who had brought the news, towards the spot where the bodies were. Sure enough, there they lay, evidently just as they had fallen. One of them, a fine, powerfully-built Sikh, was stretched full length across the road. He had been partially stripped, and lay in a pool of his own blood, his body covered with gaping sword-wounds, while his sabre, of which he had evidently retained his grip almost to the last, was close to his clenched hand, showing that he had fought desperately with his foes to the end. The other man lay under a tree a few yards off, on the side of the road, and had evidently been killed while trying to escape towards our camp; for he had been shot on the back, and had only one sabre-cut visible on him—viz., right across his throat. All this we could discover by the bright moonlight. One of my men had meanwhile lit a native oil torch (though there was, indeed, but little need of it), and as its glare threw a fitful light over the scene, I laid my hand upon one of the dead men, as it was necessary for me to guess how long it was since they had been killed.

Both men were quite cold, and had therefore been dead some hours. It was now but too evident that our patrol sent out in the morning had been attacked; but what had been the fate of the remainder of the party it was impossible to say. Directing my men to place the dead bodies under a tree by the side of the road, I waited till the main body of the patrol came up. In a few minutes they made their appearance, and on reaching the spot where we were, they busied themselves in scrutinizing, by the help of the bright moonlight, the upturned faces of the two dead men. One trooper, after a short scrutiny, dismounted, and kneeling down close to one of the corpses, made a hurried exclamation, and broke out into frantic protestations of grief upon recognizing his own brother as one of the slain.

I was obliged, in order to silence him, to remind him that it was neither the time nor the place to indulge his grief, but that all he could do was to avenge his death, if he had the chance. He became silent at once, and placing his hand upon his sabre, swore solemnly that if we met any of the rebels they should taste his vengeance—a sentiment warmly re-echoed by the troopers around. Mounting my horse, we again went forward in the same cautious manner as before. For about two miles we proceeded quietly enough, when suddenly the same native officer whom I had before sent on ahead, came galloping back with the news that about half a mile in front of us two more men of our patrol that had been sent out in the morning had been found badly wounded, but still sensible. I again galloped on ahead to the spot where the men were. They were sitting up, supported by the trunk of a tree, one of them so badly wounded as to be almost unconscious. The other man, though weak from loss of blood, was able to speak, and from him I endeavored to get a coherent account of what had occurred. At last, by dint of much cross-questioning and examination, I managed to extract the following facts: M—, the officer who had been sent out in command of the patrol in the morning, had got as far as Bewah without molestation, and had there learnt that the British force under Lord Clyde, which was advancing to meet us from Futtehghur, was still about twenty miles ahead. Being well mounted himself, he had picked out a couple of men to attend him, with the intention, if possible, of reaching the British camp, and so opening up a communication with our column. Before leaving his men in Bewah, he had given strict orders that they were to keep a sharp look-out for themselves, and to keep men patrolling up two or three cross roads that led out of the village. Regarding him and his escort, nothing more had been heard; but as the day worn on, and no sign of any rebels appeared, our Sikh troopers, "here Asiatics," slackened in their vigilance, the patrols returned, the men dismounted—some of them even unsaddled their horses—and repairing to the *caravansera* of the town, prepared to cook their evening meal. Suddenly, just as it was growing dusk, about five or six o'clock, they were surprised by a band of fugitive rebels from a place called Etawah, who had been that day defeated by another small British force which had been

operating in the neighborhood. These rebels, finding a detachment of Sikh troopers in the village, who were evidently taken by surprise, immediately set upon any of them whom they came across. Some of our men hid themselves in the village, and others, jumping on their horses, had, I was assured, made good their escape. Others, like those whom we found on the road *en route*, had been pursued for several miles, and had been killed and wounded in their flight. As to whether any of the rebels still occupied Bewah, the man could give me no information at all.

Finding himself surrounded by the enemy on all sides, he had jumped on his horse barebacked, and fled for his life, and was hotly pursued, overtaken, and left for dead in the road. This was all that could be elicited from him. Telling a man of my party to remain behind with him and his comrade (who was now almost past praying for), and to do the best for him that he could under the circumstances, I set myself for a moment to think. I was somewhat in a dilemma. Did the rebels occupy Bewah or not; and if so what was the strength and composition of their force? It was most important for me to ascertain this, as it was one of the main points which I had been instructed to find out. Again, what had become of M— and his escort? Had they fallen into the hands of the rebels, or had they made good their way to Lord Clyde's camp? The difficulty was how to ascertain these points without being seen and attacked. After a few moments' consideration, I resolved to go forward with four picked troopers as near as I could to the town, and trust to the chapter of accidents to find out something. I therefore directed the main body of my party to conceal themselves under some trees about half a mile from the town at the side of the road, while I and my four men started off on our mission. Nearer and nearer we approached the little town, expecting every moment to be challenged. At length I halted, and listened anxiously for any of the usual sounds that might betoken the presence of troops in the place. No, not a sound. We therefore advanced confidently on into the town, or rather village, which we found deserted and empty. Indeed the only noise that greeted our ears was the re-echo of our horses' hoofs as we marched through the street. Not an inhabitant to be seen. So far, so good; the enemy was certainly not there.

At length, as I turned a corner in the street, a man started out from under a house-door where he had been crouching, and ran off in front of us, finally turning down a side street. I shouted to him in Hindustani to stop, but he took no heed; and as I urged my horse in pursuit, he disappeared through a gate. Hastily following him, I found myself in a courtyard overlooked by the windows of half-a-dozen houses. Through the chinks of the door of one of these dwellings lights could plainly be discerned. When fairly in the yard, I could not help glancing anxiously around, and feeling how easily I and my four men might be shot down from the upper windows, in the event of there being any of the enemy within. I was, however, determined, if possible, to gain admittance. I therefore dismounted, and beating loudly at the door, demanded to be let in. My men meanwhile had cocked their carbines and were ready for any emergency that might arise. There was no answer at first to my summons, but I could hear through the wooden door a hurried consultation in whispers going on inside, and at length a voice, tremulous with fear, demanded who we were and what was our business. As soon as I said that I was an English officer, the door was opened at once, and I found three men sitting over the embers of a wood fire. I demanded of them who they were, and which of them was the man whom I had seen run into the house. Upon this a respectable-looking native came forward, and assured me he was an *employé* in the intelligence department of the British force under Lord Clyde, and that he had been sent to see if he could gain any news of the whereabouts of the force to which I belonged. In proof of his assertions he produced several official documents, and implored my protection, adding that his reason for running away was that he mistook me and my party for some of the rebel horsemen, who, he said, had sacked the place on their way through a few hours previously. His fears for his personal safety were not altogether without foundation; for on glancing behind me I saw that two of my Sikh troopers, who had followed me into the house, were standing behind me with drawn sabres and eyeing him with great suspicion, and evidently prepared to cut him down at the least sign from me. In truth they were apparently somewhat disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, and at there being no one to kill in expiation of the blood of their own comrades. One of them, in-

deed, went so far as to remind me that the documents which the man produced might be forged, with various other suggestions of a similar kind. Ordering him to sheathe his sabre, and to hold his tongue, I proceeded to question this native; and I found out from him a good deal that I wanted to know. None of the rebel troops were left in the village, as they had passed through in hot haste in their flight from Etawah, thinking that they were pursued by the cavalry of the British force which had defeated them. (This, however, was not the case.) But of M— and his escort he had heard nothing, nor did he know of the present whereabouts of the rebel troops. Upon hearing this, I sent back one of my troopers for the rest of my men whom I had left behind; and on their arrival I placed them in the *caravansera* just outside the town, to which was attached a small courtyard with high walls, and with a gate at the back, by which they could beat a retreat back towards our camp in the event of their being hard pressed; and I cautioned the native officer to keep a sharp look-out and to patrol the roads leading to his post. Meanwhile I determined myself to press on in company with two picked men to ascertain, if possible, the precise whereabouts of the enemy's camp, and also, if possible, to find out what had become of M—, about whom I was not at all easy in my mind. I was not, however, without hope that his good luck and his readiness of resource would carry him safely through his daring and perilous ride.

It was now drawing near to four A.M., and the moon, that had previously been so bright, had for some time past been obscured with clouds, so that it was no longer easy to distinguish objects at any distance off. As in a couple of hours or so it would be broad daylight, it was necessary for me to make the most of the darkness that remained, which was of course favorable to our movements. At night I might easily be taken, especially with my escort, for a native horseman; whereas, as soon as it was light, I should have no chance for an instant of being taken for anything else but what I was. Accordingly, I and my escort left the *caravansera*, and, riding forth, we again struck along the Grand Trunk Road in the direction I wished to explore. Sending one of my men ahead, with instructions to keep about three hundred yards in front, and, in the event of his being stopped, to have a plausible story ready, and to endeavor to

pass himself off as a rebel trooper, we proceeded at a brisk trot. We went on in this fashion for about four miles or so without seeing or hearing anything. As I knew from my map that we must shortly come upon a good-sized village, we now slackened our pace, and, on getting within three hundred or four hundred yards of it, I halted under a group of trees at the side of the road, where we were well concealed from observation, and ordered one of my men to enter the village and see what information he could pick up. Meanwhile I and the other trooper who was with me waited where we were. In about twenty minutes or so the man returned, bringing with him a respectable-looking Brahmin whom he had found in the village, and whose house had on the previous evening been sacked by the rebels, and who was therefore naturally anxious to be revenged upon them to the utmost of his power. He informed me that the rebel force of which I was in search was encamped about a mile and a half to the right of the road, on the further side of a thick grove of trees, which concealed them from observation, and that they would stay there at least till noon of the coming day. Furthermore, he volunteered to act as my guide, and to point out to me their exact position, on condition that I would go there while it was yet dark; for if we stole up to them in the morning, we should be almost to a certainty discovered; and, though I might escape by flight, he would assuredly pay the forfeit with his life. As I was fully resolved not to return without precise information, if it could be got, I decided, hazardous as it seemed, to at once accept his offer. I hoped, while it was yet dark, to be able to get close to the enemy's camp, and, having taken up a position where I could see and not be seen, be able to take stock of their strength and numbers as soon as it was light; and when I had learnt all that I wanted to know, to steal away unperceived and carry back the information to my headquarters, which I had left during the night. At any rate, thought I, if the worst comes to the worst, and we are detected, we can ride for our lives. Looking back at my resolve through the vista of years, it seems now, perhaps, that it was a foolhardy undertaking; but I was only twenty at the time, and at that age the spirit of adventure and daring is strong. Looking towards the east, I fancied that I could already detect a faint reddish tinge upon the edge of the hori-

zon, which betokened the coming day. There was consequently no time to be lost. Making a slight detour in order to skirt the village, and as much as possible to avoid observation, we proceeded across the plain, which was here and there dotted with small clumps of tree. *En route* I carried on a whispered conversation with my guide, with the object of finding out as much as possible about the rebel force. He said that in his opinion it consisted of about six hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and twelve guns, with some artillerymen. He was positive as to the latter point, for he declared that he had counted the guns as they had passed. We had not gone far before I distinctly heard the busy hum both of men and animals that always goes up from a camp in India; and, looking in the direction whence the noise came, I could see the glare of the camp-fires reflected with a murky light against the sky. Cautiously we walked our horses along, the Brahmin on foot close beside me. All our senses were on the *qui vive*, and I was careful to mark and notice, as far as possible, the bearings of the country and the direction in which we were going,—a precaution on which I had afterwards good reason to congratulate myself. Arrived within three hundred yards or so of the camp, we halted under a thick clump of mango-trees to reconnoitre further. My guide said he must go now and hurry back, while there was yet time, to the village before it was day-break.

"Yonder, sahib," said he, "is the camp, and you will have a good view of it as soon as it is light. A few yards to your right is a cart track, which will lead you straight back to the village whence you have come. But," added he, "you are only three, and if they should see you and catch you, you may wash your hands of your life. May God preserve you."

The honest fellow would take no reward, though I pressed money upon him; and as I watched his retreating figure through the gloom, I tried to realize my position. Here was I, with only two of my men, within three or four hundred yards of nearly a thousand bloodthirsty rebels. I did not even know where their sentries were, and they might be within a stone's throw of us for all that we could see. Indeed I was surprised that we had not been challenged long ago. At any rate, for the present, the only thing to be done was to remain where we were till the dawn of day, inasmuch as my present

post was admirably suited to my purpose, which was to see and not be seen. It was a clump of low, leafy trees, in the middle of a high *dhal* field, on slightly higher ground than the camp, and overlooking it. Seated on my horse, as the day gradually broke, I could easily from time to time distinguish from this point of observation groups of rebel soldiers clustered around the numerous camp-fires, whose lurid and fitful glare every now and then brought out in strong relief all surrounding objects. There were the long lines of picketed horses, and the camels sitting down in readiness to be laden, and making the night air resound with their hideous bellowings. There were, moreover, many little signs and tokens with which my campaigning had already familiarized me, and which plainly told me that the rebels contemplated a march as soon as it was day.

Once more did I cautiously examine the caps of my revolver, and also those of a heavy double-barrelled pistol which I carried with me; and having done this, I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, which for the last half-hour had been faintly flushing the eastern horizon. The minutes, however, seemed to drag on like hours, and, like Mazeppa,

Methought that mist of morning gray,
Would never dapple into day.

Day, however, came at last, and as gradually it grew lighter and lighter, the critical nature of our position came home to me with startling clearness; a sort of dare-devil feeling, however, took possession of me, and made me resolve at all hazards to endeavor to find out that which I wanted to know. As soon as it was light enough to see anything, I drew out my field-glass from its case, and advanced to the edge of the clump of trees under whose shelter we were hid from view, and my eye swept the camp from right to left. At first, owing to the uncertain light, I could not perceive any guns, but at length I managed to see where they were. I could, however, only make out four, and I had strong reasons, from what I had heard, for believing that there were more; judging from the position of those which I could see, I thought that the rest must be hidden by a row of tents at the further end of the camp. This was provoking, for it was about the strength of the rebels in artillery that I had special instructions to gain accurate information. It was, however, high time to be off, as it was

impossible that we could remain much longer where we were undetected. For the past quarter of an hour, moreover, my two troopers, though as brave and reckless fellows as any man could wish to have with him, had been growing uneasy, and repeatedly urged me if I had any respect for my own life or theirs to be off while we could. "All right," said I; "I will just go forward to the edge of the field to find out if I can see any guns behind that row of tents, and then we will be off." Saying this, I advanced cautiously, bending my head low down on my horse's neck, and hidden by the tall herbage and a row of bushes, to the edge of the field where we were. I was right in my supposition. I could see now behind the row of tents, and there were the guns all packed in a row — twelve in number. This accorded exactly with the information that I had received, and was all that I wanted to know. The only thing that remained to be done was to get away unperceived as quickly as possible. I had just put my field-glass in my holster and was preparing to walk my horse cautiously back to the clump of trees, in order to make a start with my men from there. At this moment my horse, seeing and hearing many of his *confrères* in the camp, suddenly pricked his ears, and gave a loud and long neigh, as a friendly intimation of his presence. He was instantly answered by half-a-dozen equine throats in the rebel camp. Aroused by the noise, a black-bearded native, who had evidently been sleeping rolled up in his blankets under the shelter of the bushes close to me, started up about twenty yards off, and gazed at me for a moment in blank astonishment. Instinctively I drew my pistol from my waist-belt, in which I wore it, and levelled it at him. Recollecting, however, our critical position, I hesitated to fire, as I foresaw that the report, close as we were to the rebel camp, would inevitably betray us to the enemy. I tried, therefore, to terrify him into submission. Accordingly I called out to him in a low voice in Hindustani to come to me at once or I would shoot him. Instead of obeying, the man, evidently a rebel sepoy, took advantage of my momentary hesitation, and recovering from his first astonishment, turned round and fled like a hare in the direction of the camp, shouting with all his might and main as he did so. Our position was too critical to try and stop him, and I saw at once that it was high time to make good our escape while we could. My two men,

whom I had left concealed under the clump of trees, had grasped the situation at once, when they saw the man running, and rode up to me, exclaiming, "We must ride for our lives, sahîb, for that man will bring the whole camp upon us." "Yes," said I, hastily, "we will ride for the village; and if hard pressed, we will separate, and make the best of our way to the main body of the picket." So saying, we put spurs to our horses, and rode rapidly for the village whence we had come. We had not gone more than eighty yards or so, when three rebel horsemen dashed out from a clump of trees upon our left front, and, urging their horses to their utmost speed, rode down upon us with the evident intention of cutting off our retreat. Here is a pretty mess, thought I, as I drew my sword hastily from my scabbard. I was in front, my two men were close behind. On came our foes at full speed, and as the foremost horseman neared me I thought at first of engaging him with my sword. Just as he came within three or four yards of me, the thought flashed across me that I could not afford to let him detain me, as time was everything to us, and that I might perhaps be able to make short work of him with my pistol. Quick as thought I dropped my sword, letting it hang by the knot from my wrist, and snatching out my pistol from my holster, I levelled it full at my assailant, a big, black-bearded Mohammedan, and fired as I passed him at about two yards' distance. The ball hit him fair in the side, and for a second he reeled in his saddle, then dropping his uplifted sword-arm, he tumbled headlong forward to the ground, and his riderless horse galloped past just behind me. A thrill of exultation bounded through me as I saw him fall. Meanwhile one of my troopers had engaged another of our assailants. The rebel was a brave fellow enough, but he was no match for the sinewy Sikh behind me, who, after a few rapid exchanges of blows and parries, managed to get inside his guard, and gave him such a slash across the face with his sharp sabre, that he fell, blinded with blood, from his saddle. The third of our assailants, who had cautiously ridden some yards in rear, seeing his two companions *hors de combat*, took himself off to the camp, and we were left free for a few moments to continue our way unmolested.

All this, though it takes some time to relate, happened in a few moments or so. I knew it would not be long ere we should be hotly pursued; for as we rattled our

horses over the wide plain I could hear a tremendous uproar in the rebel camp, which was by this time thoroughly alarmed. Casting a hurried look behind me, I could see that my worst anticipations were realized. Already a dozen or two of the rebels had leaped upon their horses, and, sabre in hand, with wild shouts and gestures, were urging them on at their utmost speed as they strove to gain upon us. A ride for dear life, thought I, as I caught sight of them streaming after us. Faster and faster yet I led the way, over rough ground and smooth, looking well to the ground in front (as a fall or a stumble of one of our horses might have proved fatal to us), and my two men kept close beside me. Our horses, however, had been out for hours, while those of our pursuers were quite fresh, and we had not gone above a mile in this fashion when I began to fancy that our pursuers were gaining upon us. Before another half-mile had been passed, this idea of mine ripened into a certainty. Three or four of our pursuers, at any rate, were gaining rapidly upon us, and were two or three hundred yards in advance of the rest. If only they succeeded in stopping us, in order to fight with them, I saw that the whole pack would be upon us, and we should all be cut to pieces to a certainty. They also could afford, owing to their numbers, not to spare their horses, while, if our horses were once pumped, nothing could save us. Nearer and nearer they gained upon us, and their shouts of exultation and hatred were borne to my ears as they triumphantly fancied themselves sure of their prey. "We must separate," said I quickly. "Ride off to the right, and I will go straight on," as I thought that by thus separating we might perhaps divert our pursuers, and one or other of us would have a chance of getting off. They immediately turned off to the right, though still heading for the village. This *ruse* was fortunate enough for my men, but it did not avail much for me. Casting another glance behind me, I saw, to my dismay, that our enemies did not appear to trouble themselves at all about my companions, but all four of them continued to ride, without swerving, after me; for it was, as I might have anticipated, the English officer whom they had marked for their prey, and whom they were thirsting to kill. Closer and closer they creep up to me; but I now urge my horse on, and manage to forge a little ahead. At this rate, thought I, they will soon pump their horses, if I can only hold on. But they

are riding at a headlong pace, and I am forced to let out my horse also to his utmost speed in order to keep ahead of them. Already the foremost of the four is less than a hundred yards behind me, the other three close behind him, while there are a dozen more a short distance behind them. Even now, though twenty long years have passed since that day, it makes my blood jump to think of it. For a moment my heart dies within me, as I feel that the game is up; and I set my teeth and determine to die hard—to sell my life as dearly as I can, and fight it out to the last.

In the excitement of the ride I naturally had not looked far before me; but now I suddenly saw, just thirty or forty yards ahead of me, the dike full of water, which we had passed over in the early morning on our way to reconnoitre the camp. A thrill of hope and joy passed through me. It was a very fair jump, but nothing out of the way for a good horse; and I knew that mine, who was a good fencer, would clear it, and that there was a very good chance that the horses of my pursuers would not, as natives seldom practise their horses at jumping. They seemed hardly more than fifty or sixty yards off; and had it not been for the hope of placing the dike between myself and them, I felt that in another few moments, if they got much nearer, I should have been forced to turn at bay and fight it out to the last. Four to one, however, was hopeless odds, and with a ray of hope I rode straight at the dike. Even then, as I neared it, the thought flashed with a terrible misgiving through my brain that my horse might perhaps refuse it, and that in that case my pursuers would be upon me in a moment. Dead as is the peril in which I am, I have yet the coolness and presence of mind to steady my horse somewhat as he comes up to the leap, and for a moment to slacken his speed. My gallant horse, a big, powerful Australian gelding, sets his ears as he sees the leap in front of him; and when, at the critical moment, I dig my spurs into him with all the energy of desperation, he answers to the call, takes off well, and lands clearly, despite a somewhat rotten bank on the other side. (Assuredly at that moment I felt but little tempted to agree with the Psalmist that a horse was a vain thing for a man to trust to.) My horse had scarcely regained his stride when the four foremost of my foes, who had pressed me so hard, were on the brink of the dike.

Scarcely daring to hope that I may es-

cape, I look anxiously round to see if they too get over. Two out of the four are slightly in advance, and they ride straight at the dike. To my intense delight their horses both refuse, and will have nothing to say to the jump; while the other two do not attempt it, but ride along the bank in order to find an easier place to cross. As I widen every second the distance between me and my pursuers, and my spirits thrill with exultation at my renewed prospect of escape, I am unable to restrain a shout of defiance at my baffled foes, which is immediately answered by an angry carbine-shot from one of them, that, of course, does me no harm.

God grant that I may have a few moments more, and I shall be comparatively safe. Again I head straight for the village, which in the headlong race I had ridden a little wide of, and which was now but a short half-mile distant. Once I am safe through the village, I ought to fall in with some of my picket, to whom I had given orders that as soon as it was day-break they should patrol the road in that direction. Once more do I look back. Full twenty of my foes are now on the further brink, but, as far as I can make out, not one of them is over as yet. Another two hundred yards are passed when I see that half-a-dozen of them have at length got over, and are following me up as before with frantic haste, and doing their best to make up the ground they have lost. On they come, but I have got such a start that they do not gain on me much before I reach the village, and am lost for the time to their view.

As I rattle down the main street of the village, which was surrounded by a high wall, a few of the villagers, just roused from their slumbers, come out to the doors of their houses and gaze curiously at me as I pass. As I near the old arched gate at the further end, I hear a shout behind me, and on looking round, I see my two men, from whom I had parted a few minutes previously, coming up a by-street. They had taken advantage of our pursuers having gone off in pursuit of me alone, to make good their flight to the village, and thinking themselves comparatively secure, were taking a pull at their horses. They were overjoyed to see me, as they had given me up for lost. There was, however, as I told them, no time to talk. Our horses were all of them pretty well pumped, and I knew well enough that our pursuers were hard upon our track, and that the villagers would be

sure to point out to them the route we had taken.

As we pass under the arched gateway, I see that there are an old pair of folding gates, evidently but seldom used, belonging to it. A happy thought strikes me, that if we could manage to shut the gates, and fasten them somehow or other, we might yet delay our pursuers a few minutes, and gain a little breathing-time for our horses. No sooner thought of than we attempt to put it into execution. I ordered one of my troopers to dismount, and while I held his panting horse, he attempted to swing the old gates (which were made of massive bars of wood with intervals of two or three inches apart) upon their hinges. One of them yielded readily enough to his efforts, but the other resisted all his strength. It was evident that the gates had not been shut for a long time. In vain did he pull and push, it would not budge an inch. There were none of the villagers standing by to help, and seeing that he could not manage it alone, I bade the other man dismount in order to help him. At last by their joint efforts they succeeded in moving the stubborn gate, and little by little were getting it to close. Every moment did I expect to hear the horses of our pursuers rattle down the street. Nor had we long to wait ere they were upon us. Just as the gates were closed, and before we had time to think about getting them fastened, seven or eight rebels appeared in view coming down the street. They were evidently thrown off the scent, and drew up to question the villagers as to our whereabouts. While doing so, one of them caught sight of me through the gate as I held one of my men's horses in the road. An instant shout told me I was seen, as with one impulse they put their horses to a gallop and rode towards us. They were only about five hundred yards from us. "Quick! quick!" said I; "your carbines, are they loaded?" "Here is mine," said one, as he picked it up from the ground where he had laid it, in case he wanted it. "Wait till they get quite close," said I, "and then shoot the foremost horse. You can make sure of him. We will stick by you to the last." The other trooper meanwhile had remounted his horse, so that we only awaited the effect of the shot to be off. In another moment they were almost upon us. "Steady," said I, as the man stood with carbine levelled and resting between the bars of the gates; "aim low." As I spoke, his shot re-echoed through the gate-

way, filling it for a moment with smoke. Its success exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I could just see that the foremost horse, badly wounded, had fallen headlong forward with his rider to the ground. Wedged in, as they were, in the narrow roadway, and going at a headlong pace, the two horses immediately behind fell over him, and, as far as I recollect, there seemed to me two or three men and horses struggling on the ground at once. But the rest of them, four or five in number, recovering from their confusion, were already at the gates, and, leaning forward, were tugging at them in order to open them, so as to get through. We could not be off for a moment, as we had to wait while the man who had fired had remounted his horse, which was excited and would not stand still. As he was scrambling into his saddle, I saw that our foes had succeeded in wrenching open the gate just sufficiently to get through, one at a time. The foremost of them was already half through, and the rest would have speedily followed, as with shouts and execrations, in their impatience to get at us, they were urging him on from behind. Seeing the necessity of giving them another check, I pulled back my horse just as we were starting, and riding up to within three yards or so of the gate, pistol in hand, I aimed it full at the foremost rebel and fired. I can recollect seeing his horse rear wildly up, but I waited not to see the effect of my shot, for we all three sped away at our best pace along the side of the road. Looking back after a time, I saw we were pursued no more. Whether it was that they found we were not to be molested with impunity, and were discouraged by the losses which they had suffered; or whether they despaired of catching us; or in consequence of their having started after us in such a hurry they had not brought any more ammunition with them, and therefore gave up the contest as unequal, I cannot say. We had not gone a couple of miles further before we fell in with a patrol of my picket, which, I was informed, was still at the *caravansera* awaiting my return. Being anxious to give our horses as much breathing-time as possible after their severe exertions, I proceeded at a walk in the direction of the picket, taking care to keep a sharp lookout in rear, in case we were again pursued. Arrived at the *caravansera*, I found the remainder of my men duly on the alert and ready to receive me. After a short halt, we began to retrace our steps towards

our camp, which we had left the night before. After we had gone about three miles or so we fell in with the advanced guard of our own force, which had already struck its camp and marched onwards that morning. Upon reaching the main body of the force I made my report to the general in command (who, with his staff, was riding at the head of the column), and had the satisfaction of receiving a good deal of praise for the information which I had brought, and warm congratulations upon my narrow escape.*

There is no need further to continue the tale. Suffice it to say that the rebels, whose camp I had discovered, were at once followed up; and though they had taken timely warning, and had already decamped, yet they were pursued for some miles; their guns were all captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds. When our force passed through the village referred to in the foregoing narrative, we found the horse which my trooper had shot in the gateway, and the man whom I had fired at, both lying dead upon the spot where they had fallen.

Reader, my tale of "a ride for life" is told. Certainly I and the two who were with me may be fairly said to have taken our lives in our hands and only to have escaped by the skin of our teeth.

* It may here be stated that M—, the officer in search of whom I had been sent out, rejoined the column in safety some hours later on the same day.

From Nature.

LIQUEFACTION OF OXYGEN.

THE number of the permanent gases is rapidly diminishing. We have had occasion recently to refer to M. Cailliet's successful attempts to compress nitric oxide, N_2O_2 , methyl hydride, CH_4 , and acetylene, C_2H_2 , to the liquid form. The list of non-compressible gases was thus reduced to three, viz., hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. Within the past week M. Raoul Pictet has succeeded in obtaining the last-mentioned gas in the liquid state, an event which is certainly one of the most novel and interesting in the chemical progress of the expiring year.

The *Journal de Genève* of December 23 gives the following account of the experiments:—

One of the most interesting physical experiments of our time has just been made at Geneva with rare success in the laboratory of the Society for the Manufacture of Physical Instruments. M. Raoul Pictet has succeeded in obtaining, by means of ingeniously combined apparatus, the liquefaction of oxygen gas. The following is the process by which the curious result was obtained:—

By a double circulation of sulphurous acid and carbonic acid, the latter gas is liquefied at a temperature of 65° of cold, under a pressure of from four to six atmospheres. The liquefied carbonic acid is conducted into a tube four metres long; two combined pumps produce a barometric vacuum over the acid which is solidified in consequence of the difference of pressure. Into the interior of this first tube containing solidified carbonic acid is passed a tube of a slightly less diameter, in which circulates a current of oxygen produced in a generator containing chloride of potash, and the form of which is that of a large shell thick enough to prevent all danger of explosion. The pressure may thus be carried to eight hundred atmospheres.

Yesterday morning (December 22), all the apparatus being arranged as described, and under a pressure which did not exceed three hundred atmospheres, a liquid jet of oxygen issued from the extremity of the tube, at the moment when this compressed and refrigerated gas passed from that high pressure to the pressure of the atmosphere.

The great scientific interest of this experiment is that it demonstrates experimentally the truth of the mechanical theory of heat, by establishing that all gases are vapors capable of passing through the three states—solid, liquid, and gaseous. Only twenty days ago M. Cailliet, as we have said, succeeded in liquefying the bioxide of nitrogen, under a pressure of one hundred and forty-six atmospheres, and at a temperature of 11° of cold. After the experiment of M. Raoul Pictet there remain not more than two elemental gases which have hitherto escaped the attempt at liquefaction—hydrogen and nitrogen.

The experiment above described was to be repeated on Monday and subsequent days, with some slight changes in the processes and the arrangement of the apparatus.